HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1720.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

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"HE TOO CARRIED BUNDLES, AS SO MANY DID."

PAPOOSE—A CHRISTMAS STORY—

by George A. Hibbard

AT four o'clock the scant, winter sunlight filtered but dimly through the heavy, low-lying clouds, the smoke-thickened air, and the quick-whirling snow-flakes. Down in the narrow city street, where the vans and carts and cabs seemed almost to flow with and be borne along by a stream of liquid mud that hid the pavement—a noisy debacle tearing down this ragged, urban gully, like a raft with loosened withes rushing and tumbling through a flume—the light was gray and grisly. Above and through the grimy, cobwebbed windows of a large room, just beneath the eaves of one of the large buildings lining the cramped thoroughfare, it seemed to lose its character as light, and to be sifted and to fall heavy, as might dull sodden sand through a sieve. It was a very poor place. There were no curtains on the windows; the floor was bare. In one corner stood a small square stove; no comforting fire in its barren grate; no welcoming light between its gray bars; its name, "The Fireside," appearing in raised, rusty letters across its front, a grim sarcasm, a sort of iron irony. The rust-scaled pipe ran low at first along the wall, then rose to and through a tin-filled square of a window-sash, as if it were the writhing, sharp-jointed, evil genius of the forbidding place. In another corner was a long, low, ragged divan, and near it doddered a decrepit chair, with one arm uplifted, threatening away all approach. But the room was not without things not wholly accordant. Upon the walls, in plain, pale hard-wood frames, hung crookedly an autotype of the angel's head in Botticelli's "Spring," and a reproduction of Dürer's "Melancholia." A large chair, covered with rich but well-worn stuff, stood in front of the grim stove, and in a doorway leading to an adjoining room hung from a broken rod a heavy *portière* of embroidered silk. A bookcase of elaborately carved oak rose above the lead-colored wainscot, its two upper shelves empty; its three lower, only partially filled. There was something about the aspect of the case that made it plain to the minds even of those who least understand the untold, that not very long before, the empty shelves had been filled; that the volumes now left were not then deserted by those most saleable of them all. On its top, at one end, rose a small bronze—Martha and Mephisto—evidently at loss for object of the sneer and jeer of the one and the sympathy of the other, for none could be so without the eyes that see the unseen, as not to see that a Faust and Marguerite, creatures of the same metal, were but lately gone from the opposite side. Between the divan and the stove lay a fine Persian rug with a stain in one corner and a hole in the other; and on a stand in the angle nearest the door was quite an array of cups and plates and jars, some of them beautiful and costly, no two of them, however, of the same kind and pattern, and all looking like fine folk out of place and out of luck; these and other things evidently appertaining to a better life than was possible in such quarters. There was scarce an air of squalor about the room, but it was gray in its dusty ceiling, worn as to its broken paper-hanging, neglected, and in its aspect and influence very melancholy.

On one of the rickety chairs, and at an unpainted table, its broad top spotted with ink stains, sat a man, his elbows resting on its edge, and his face covered by his hands. He had held this attitude for some time. The small cheap clock on the bookcase—Mephisto used to grimace over it at Faust—its clear ticking unnaturally strong for a thing so small, as unnaturally loud as is the harsh, stridulous piping of some persistent little demagogue in the commonwealth of some tree upon a hot summer's night—the busy little clock had tallied off the minutes of half an hour since he had stirred. Now, as he raised his head, he saw through the window before him how dull and metallic, how like worn and blackened tin, the light, if light it might be called, of the closing day had become. Rising, he stood for a moment, with one hand upon the table, evidently irresolute; then he walked backward and forward half a dozen times, the length of the room. His step was sometimes firm, but now and then he seemed to falter in his walk; as if something of the power of volition were lost, he would almost stop for a second with slight, spasmodic, purposeless gestures. It was patent in his most expressive face, even in that light, that he was with quick change tossed to and fro, from resolution to weakness, from weakness to resolution, ungoverned really by self-controlling power. One might almost fancy that the now strained and now relaxed lines in his face were as the sinews of the thoughts that struggled, staggered, went down, arose, and went on in the contest then at its height in his mind.

As abruptly as he had risen, and as if at last in absolute determination, he sat down, and drawing a few sheets of paper scattered on the table toward him, he took up a pen and wrote, hastily:

"As you are the only one who has any right to expect an explanation, or to whom I have the slightest desire to attempt justification of what I am about to do, I write to you."

He paused, and again glanced up at the window; the light—for the clouds now in places seemed worn and frayed—was a little stronger, but still it was more like some sickly phosphorescence than the deadened but healthy glow of the ruddy sun. Then he wrote hurriedly on:

"I do not know that I can justify either myself or my act. The taking of a criminal's forfeited life is defensible; the taking of the life of him who attacks your own may be vindicated. If my life has wronged me, deceived me, threatened me, may I not take it, when it is mine?

"The instinct of most men, finding themselves where I find myself, is mere cowardliness, and through such instinct they degrade duties and responsibilities into safeguards, and lurk behind them in excuse for their weakness. Men fear pain as do children ready with their outcry; fear death as children shudder at the thought of a darkened room. They affect endurance in mock heroism, and sneer at suicide because they are afraid. I do not shrink from pain—the crash of the marring bullet through the flesh and bone will be but for a moment; I do not fear the darkness—generally the habitation of peace; I rather seek it—seek the content of oblivion. I believe in the subtle delight of eternal unconsciousness, in the still blissfulness of restful absorption into the immensity of that nature that no man has dared as yet to blaspheme. There is much to truthfully express which requires paradox, and these are of them. It is a confused world, and in such confusion there must be affirmative opposites; to declare these may require conflicting words, but from such discordant clash often comes the most important truth.

"I might dilate upon the disasters of my life. You know them—my failures, my follies, my fancies, my frenzies—you know them almost in detail. But I am not petulant, querulous, or angry, and I do not do it. I possessed imagination that builded me a house of life, with lofty columns and wide architrave. I had the means to people my house with imagined actualities; but now the frieze lies along the foundation, and my realities have not the substance of dreams. My fortune is gone, and here in this miserable chamber I scrawl words I scarce heed and never shall read; here in poverty, almost in darkness, for the horizon is lost in mist, the west is hung with wolf pelts, and the night—the Night—is at hand.

"The world will dismiss me from thought with flippant condemnation, saying that my ruin is of my own making. It may be, but I am therefore the more worthy of attention. If the world would really know anything of human existence, it must study the life, not of him who has succeeded, but of him who has failed. Success may be an accident, or the point where linked and common concatenation is chain-bolted to a necessary result. But a man always ruins himself characteristically, and his failure exhibits his real nature. He is the natural man, and—seeming paradox again—he is often the happiest man. His nature has had its exercise; he has striven along the line of its tendencies. He has lived. Nine times in ten he who has succeeded has only lifted and planted foot in marked places. Good sense has been a soul-stifling bane; good maxims benumbing restraints. I am a failure. I have lived after my own fashion, and if I have not achieved happiness, who may? I have ruined myself in my own way. I have missed no chance,

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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1720.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH
COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,
AND COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

STANLEY'S STORY.

THE recent letters from HENRY M. STANLEY, which announce his success in rescuing EMIN Pasha and his speedy arrival upon the coast in Zanzibar, tell a tale of adventure which no Christmas story will surpass in romantic and heroic interest. The safe escape of the two men and of their large company, after desperate contests with savage man and nature, and every form of extreme peril, is news which makes even the holidays happier. For the attention of the civilized world was concentrated upon the issue of this daring expedition, and its fortunate conclusion, with his previous great services and successes, places STANLEY among the very foremost in the illustrious band of African explorers. Yet, as he emerges triumphant in the special object of his expedition, the Dark Continent closes almost hopelessly behind him, and his chief service is the demonstration of the only way in which Africa can be civilized.

The interior of Africa and the sources of the Nile have baffled until now research and knowledge. But the last generation has disclosed the secret and the general character of the vast continent. Its people are now revealed, and the sources of the Nile are known. The revelations, however, confirm the general belief as to country and people. LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY continue the tale which MUNGO PARK began. Here is one of the great continents which, except at one point upon its northern shore, is absolutely barbarous. There are no roads, no bridges; none of the elements of civilization; no art nor science nor literature; and only the rudest forms of government. From the beginning the country has been in contact with civilization, which has touched its edges here and there, and in Egypt with a certain feeling of art and organized society. But these mere fringes of higher life have had no influence upon the vast mass of the continent. Alexandria had libraries and schools, but they were the monuments of a foreign force. No spirit of enterprise has equipped African fleets for voyages of discovery. No knowledge nor desire of knowledge is known among African races. The people have long enslaved each other, and have furnished wretched victims to the greed of more civilized nations.

It would be hard to mention any contribution made by the Dark Continent to the higher and progressive life of man. It has resisted by the mere density and mass of barbarism all approaches of civilization, all ameliorating influence; and although now it has been widely penetrated and explored, it remains as dark a problem as ever. Its descendants in other lands, enlightened by civilization, have no desire for the country of their origin, and by the long oppression of slavery, whether in the West Indies or in the United States, it is a race without initiative, and as yet without achievement. It will be very remarkable if STANLEY'S later tale differs from that of all previous African exploration, so far as concerns the mental condition of the people. Africa can be subdued to "civility" only by gradual advances from the coast, not by solitary camps planted in the wild and inaccessible interior.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

THE announcement that all the Brazilian provinces have accepted the republic, and that the Roman Catholic archbishop, the head of the state Church, has blessed the new government, implies the completion of one of the most extraordinary revolutions in history. That a country of such vast extent should suddenly and radically change its form of government without the least resistance from the existing authority, and without bloodshed or disturbances, is an event without precedent. It is due in large part, of course, to the character and intelligence of the deposed Emperor. If he had not acquiesced in the new order at once and without protest, and quietly left the country with a liberal provision for his maintenance, the situation would have been very different. Nothing shows the essential good sense and intellectual comprehension of Dom PEDRO more clearly than his conduct in the sudden emergency. It was said of another monarch that nothing in his life became him so much as his death, and it is certainly true of the ex-Emperor that none of his services to Brazil was greater than the manner of his resignation of the imperial authority.

The condition of the country as reported makes recognition of the new government by other states much easier. This is always a delicate question, because although it is conceded that every country may rightfully establish such government as it prefers, it is necessarily a question whether a change accomplished by revolution represents the real will of the country, or merely a temporarily successful conspiracy. In 1818, when the South American provinces of Spain were fighting for their independence, Mr. CLAY proposed a commission to express sympathy with them, with a view to subsequent friendly relations. But the proposition was rejected by a vote of 115 to 45, on the ground of the still unsettled state of the provinces and the continuance of actual war, and it was not until four years afterward, in 1822, that Congress almost unanimously recognized their independence. The Mexican province of Texas declared its independence in December, 1835, after a year of war. In the summer of 1836 Congress resolved that Texan independence ought to be recognized whenever it was evident that there was a civil government in successful operation, performing the duties and discharging the obligations of an independent power. In both these cases there was an armed revolutionary contest with states in friendly relations with our government, and after the Congressional resolution of 1836 was passed, President JACKSON, in view of the continued vigorous effort of Mexico to retain Texas, advised that we hold aloof until the Texan power to maintain a separate government should be demonstrated beyond cavil.

In the case of Brazil there will be apparently no difficulty. If the reports of the peaceful acquiescence of the whole country in the new government should be confirmed, no other government could hesitate to recognize it. There would be no other government nor any conflicting authority. Mr. VAN BUREN'S remark, when Secretary of State, that for us "the government *de facto* is equally so *de jure*," is based upon the view that in any country the existing government is presumably approved by the people, because otherwise it would be overthrown. But even the government *de facto* is not always easy to determine. There seems to be no reason to doubt that our government will find no occasion for long delay in recognizing the new order in Brazil. The course of the United States in such cases, as JACKSON said, has been one of caution. "Our predecessors have cautiously abstained from deciding upon them until the clearest evidence was in their possession to enable them not only to decide correctly, but to shield their decisions from every unworthy imputation."

THE PARCELS POST.

CHRISTMAS overloads the Parcels Post, and the proposition to reduce the rate of postage on fourth-class matter is one of universal interest, more especially to households in the remoter and less settled parts of the country. Fourth-class matter is what may be called express matter. It comprises seeds, bulbs, cuttings, envelopes, cards—in a word, merchandise. The present rate of postage is one cent per ounce, which it is proposed to reduce to one cent for two ounces. There is no doubt that the reduction would be a welcome Christmas gift to great multitudes of families, for which the Post-office is the only practicable express.

Express companies extend their business wherever it promises to pay. The Post-office extends its operations wherever there are settlers, and the annual deficit in the department is contemplated and paid cheerfully, because of the general belief that the money is well spent. The Post-office has been regarded always as a civilized, a public convenience of such immense benefit, like the common school, that the community willingly supports it. Of course good reasons must be shown for the reduction proposed. It must be demonstrated either that the reduction will increase the traffic to a point which will cover the deficit, or that the present rate seriously restricts the facilities which the Parcels Post is intended to furnish.

As the scope of the postal service increases—and it is now numerically the most important branch of the government service—it is plain that its efficiency might be increased by reorganization adapted to the changed conditions of the country. A commission of experts—and there are distinguished and able experts—would undoubtedly prepare a simple and practicable scheme. It will be a long session, and perhaps Congess will think of it.

PAPOOSE: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from front page.)

neglected no opportunity. Myself and I rejoiced in our youth and my fortune. All is gone. Myself—my last coin—I drop to-day into that slot—the grave.

"I have a few things left whereupon I might realize enough to pay life's wages for some days longer. I have lived for a fortnight on the works of Herr Schopenhauer—something I flatter myself extraordinary, if not unique. The complacent omniscience in prose and the lightness and sweetness in verse, in certain volumes of Matthew Arnold, might sustain me possibly for a week; but perhaps I overestimate my strength. I negotiated a Barbadienne Faust to a gentleman of the Order of the Golden Three Balls ten days ago. Happy Faust, who lived in a time when men could sell their souls! Now there is no longer a devil, and if I attempted to raise the wind on such security in any other market, I would be regarded as a common swindler attempting to obtain goods under false pretences. I have limbs, senses, health. You once did me the honor to say that I had faculties that would not be inapt at turning pennies or earning plaudits. But why make use of any of these? Why should I take pains to support this clumsy body that gave me so little satisfaction, even when I was not put to such trouble for its keep? A bullet shall close the disjointed phrase of my life; a bullet shall be the period that ends this jargon, unintelligible to myself and to all.

"Do not think that I am careless or flippant. All solemnities of the moment stand around me. What is gone I know; what is to come, who can tell? Myriads have believed in futurity; in such comparison how poor, how paltry is individual doubt! Think of the massed suffering of ages borne in sustaining credence, and one man's trouble seems but peevishness. I think of one man's complaint in the sweep of the world's lamentation, and it seems but as the creak of a loosened shutter in the roar of the north wind. Others live, they say, because life is a duty; because I have had some small argumentative business with myself, and rays of perhaps better light have at times shot through mere logic, and I may have seemed to have freed myself from obligation, shall I desert? But—but much thought has made me weary, too weak for effective review. I have said my life shall have its period; an interrogation point were better punctuation; with weak iteration I echo Rabelais's 'Perhaps.' The pellet of the pistol ball shall physic my present pain—characteristic cure—life true to itself to the last. Is there no button-hole in a shroud? I cannot seize Death by a lapel and ply him with questions.

"I go to forget; I expect to be forgotten. Pity me, despise me; they bury suicides now at such cross-roads.

"I doubt if I have really said anything, when I wanted to say so much, and that so clearly. I do not even know what I have said, for I am not calm, unimpatient; I seem goaded as with some strange haste. But, fast friend, tried comrade, I bid you a good lifetime; wish me a good eternity. MORRIS."

The young man paused, and looked up with half-bewildered stare. Wholly sane, perhaps, when he began to write, the weight and multiplicity of his thoughts, the stress of the time, as perhaps some might infer from what he had written, had wrought in him at last something like madness. Intelligence now, for a moment at least, seemed to struggle back to the world of sense and comprehensibility. He placed together the loose sheets on which he had written, even numbered the leaves; then, folding them carefully, he placed them in an envelope, sealed it, and wrote a name upon it—"Philip Vassel, Esq."—and then an address.

It had grown so dark that the figures on the dial of the little clock could not be seen from where he sat. He rose, and stepped quickly across the floor. "Ten minutes of five," he said. For a moment he stood in apathetic self-absorption, then he hastily drew open a drawer in the lower part of the bookcase. The object that he drew from it shone even in that dim light in his hand. It was a small thing. It might at first have seemed some costly, useless *bibelot*, so rich was it with ivory and silver; some pretty plaything, were it not for a spiteful look, like the look of a pampered toy terrier. It was a highly ornamented revolver, but so small was it that it lay wholly within his palm—small, but at a man's temple capable of deadly bark and bite. "It might as well be at five as any other time," he said, clearly, and unconscious that he spoke. "Seven minutes to eternity." He carried the clock to the table, and sat down. He did not bow his head this time. He sat erect, staring at the dial before him. It seemed to him that he was lost in a confused, luminous haze, a sort of half consciousness of some things and quick comprehension of others, mingled with confused memories of many things, as swarmed flies mingle, eddying about a spire, or around the spray ending a branch just stirred by the breeze, a puff of waving, shining mist in a summer sunset, lost in a cloud that it seemed must instantly shift into a flash lighting up with complete revealment—a moment crowded with recollections of a whole life—such a moment as he had read comes to dying men. But no such moment came. "Perhaps it is not near enough," he said, again aloud.

It was as if faculty of thought, use of mental processes, were gone. There was nothing left save indifferent recognition of the plain, clear, seemingly quite unimportant fact of life. "I might as well sit here waiting to take some narcotic," he said.

But now came hurrying things—things unconnected, dissimilar, erratic. They came as eager bidders might hasten to the auction of a dead man's chattels—hasten and jostle on the threshold. He remembered that a Frenchman—that was the first thought that shouldered in—had once said that suicide was ill-mannered, that it was the height of impoliteness to go where you were not invited, and for a moment the grim, facile epigram almost amused him, and he slightly smiled. But quickly hurrying, so closely crowding that they overlapped and partly obscured each other, came other thoughts, memories, disconnected, inappropriate—inopportune he would have considered them had he had power of criticism left. He thought of an apple-tree as he had, when a child, once seen it in full blossom, when the pied flowers were as swarms of butterflies alighted all over on its stiff little twigs; now the river before his uncle's country place was as clear as in that summer afternoon when, a boy, he swam the sparkling stream, than which the upper sky could not have been so blue, "so cool, so calm, so bright"; now

shot into vision the face, seen once and once only, of a young girl who waited at a gate for some one—perhaps her lover—in a shaded and leafy lane through which he had hastily ridden, when a young man, one autumn evening—a face that struck him like the clash of cymbals. And then suddenly, as if beneath some occult spell, in almost visible form and tangible substance, his situation seemed to stand before him, and he became a horror-paralyzed spectator of himself. There were prefigured to him the terrible aspects of the tragedy about to be enacted, and of what would follow when the curtain had gone down. The sound of the pistol; the crash of the ball; the blood slow pulsing in its outflow; the oozing brain; the rattle of the fallen weapon; his own duller, heavier fall. Perhaps some one would hear the report of that discharge, and force the locked door—would find what he had hardly ceased to be, quivering, shuddering, as it would be, as if still trembling at encounter with sudden death; perhaps none would hear—in the big deserted building that was more probable—and limbs and features would harden into rigidity, and darkness would gather in the place as flocking ravens gather to the slain, and all its space would become vacant of light as his own eyes, unwarmed as his heart, and all night that which he had become would be left alone in the horrible darkness and terrible silence—a silence only broken by the ticking of the clock, that would be like the clicking of the chisel of some busy stone-cutter at work upon black marble. And then would come a brazen to-morrow that would in some way crowd people into the room, and, as if it were a merit in itself, would play exhibitor of the dread thing he was. There would be ghastly faces and horrified exclamations, and— What noise was that in the street? But was it of any consequence to him what noise it might be?

He glanced at that diligent laborer, the little clock. With steady, sturdy beat it ticked away almost blithely at its work. There, in that place, it seemed indeed alive, and to torment a man with its activity.

The last minute before five.

His hand tightened upon the revolver's small stock. The muzzle touched his temple. Scarce a thread of white still lay between the hour point and the imperceptibly advancing minute-hand. Now the finger of the minute-hand touches the top of the X in XII. Now—

Rap, rap, came a faint, fumbling knock at the door.

Morris instinctively turned his head. The revolver already bore upon space.

Rap, rap, once more.

The revolver was slightly lowered.

Rap, and then the knock suddenly ceased, and there was a sort of rustling, brushing noise as if something fell with slow descent, partly sustained by the door.

Certainly this was annoying—and perplexing. There are times when a man has the right to expect to be alone, when any disturbance is intrusion. Can't a gentleman take his own life in peace? he thought, with whimsical exasperation. But then a knock at the door. Darwin, as we all know, had an idea that perhaps the vertebrata are descended from an animal allied to existing tidal ascidians; and that this might possibly account for the mysterious fact that many normal and abnormal vital processes of the human vertebrate seem under the influence of the moon. Possibly the impulse to answer a knock at our door has its origin in some almost as remotely transmitted instinct, derived from aboriginal time, when a man had

"no enemy,
But winter and rough weather,"

and such a summons was an appeal for aid and shelter. Whatever may be the reason—perhaps because the world is so full of possibilities, and imagination is so rich and vivid—it becomes an irresistible demand, strong in the very weakness of its petition, and even at such a time Morris was not able to free himself from the unavoidable inclination to answer the call. He placed the pistol on the table, and stepping quickly to the door, unlocked it. It was much darker in the hall than in the room. Glancing down, he saw what seemed a large bundle, so shapeless and still was it. He looked at it for a moment—in the moment recalling staggering, straggling faculties to power to comprehend actual things—and then stooping down, sought by sense of touch to discover what it really was. At first he felt merely a fold of woollen cloth; then what he knew to be an arm; and then soft hair, and a cold, small human face.

"It's a child," he said, "and half frozen."

He gathered the limp body in his arms, and carried it to the big arm-chair in front of the fireless stove. Without hesitation he seized the rickety chair, and raising it above his head he brought it down with such violence on the floor that it flew into many fragments. These, with an old newspaper caught from the table, he stuffed into the grate. A match picked from a scattered dozen upon a shelf beneath the stove-pipe in an instant ignited the paper, and certain grotesque shadows that had hung like so many vampire-bat skins in a wizard's cell about the room began a *danse macabre* on the wall, tiptoeing and bowing to an elfin tribe of their kindred who ran toward them from out hiding-places behind chairs and tables. There was a little coal in a small box; he rattled some of it down upon the flames, and many of the shadows, frightened at the noise, fled out of sight. Then he drew up the chair nearer the blaze. Taking off the child's heavy shoes—one heel showed pinkly through a hole in the stocking—he placed a large book upon the hearth and the small feet upon it; then he chafed the little hands, blue with cold, between his own. How strange—and it came in fleeting, transitory thought—that what five minutes before had seemed worse than useless to himself seemed suddenly so inexpressibly precious in this scantily clad child—something to be preserved if human exertion could do it! But the sense of this incongruity was but for a moment; the ragged waif occupied his active attention. A bright something ran over the small face, and the large eyes slowly opened in amazement.

"Will I die?" she asked, faintly, as she gazed up at the man bending over her. "I don't want to die."

"No," he answered, as heartily and assuringly as he could; "not a bit of it."

"I am glad," she said, as her head sank again with a little sigh.

He had not heard his own voice for hours, and now it seemed strained, stiffened, and formal.

"You'll be all right soon," he went on, speaking rapidly, and provoked that he could not command an easier and more natural tone. "You are only a little cold," and he grew absolutely angry that, out of practice as he had been, he could not do more in softening his words. "You will be warm in three minutes," he added, a little more satisfactorily—"a minute" would have sounded harsh—"and then you will feel better."

"I feel better now," said the child, quite comfortably. "But don't watch me so. I've a-ma-zing dislike to being watched so."

"You've what?" he asked, astonished at the long words, and looking at her even more earnestly.

"A-ma-zing dislike," she repeated, turning a languid face toward him, almost with fine-ladyish air.

"Oh!" he said, and began looking at the grate.

"That is a very nice fire," she said. "I don't think I was ever near quite so large a fire. I don't pos-i-tive-ly."

And as the word fell very slowly, Morris turned and looked at her again.

"Didn't I tell you, don't?" she said, with a strange little look of command. "But what a soft chair, and what pretty colors?" and with a light forefinger she followed the shape of a spreading leaf woven in the *tapisserie*. "You must be a very rich man."

If some one had ascribed to him omniscience or omnipresence, the powers of an Indian adept, or the ability of a circus contortionist, Morris could not have been more staggered. That she had not a doubt about what she said, was plain in the wondering, almost admiring glance that she turned upon him.

"It's nice to have money," she said, and she held her small hand before her face, almost as if she were careful of her complexion, and afraid that the fire-light would hurt it. If the broken-winged sparrow that he had picked up in the gutter a week ago, had bent its pathetic eye upon him and given utterance to some aphorism, say from the collection of maxims Lord Chesterfield gathered from the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, he could not have been more amazed. He looked at her attentively. Her cheeks were sunken; her lips were pale; her eyes unnaturally bright. Over her features was the worn, weary look—the look that lies upon features shadowed and sharpened by the pinch and privation of poverty. But in her case it did not seem unpleasant; there mingled with it no aspect of unnatural precocity, nothing of the expression of the impish acuteness of too clever children. It seemed only the result of hardship, of experiences that should not have come to one so young. But she was a beautiful child even as she was, with that look of race, or breeding, or whatever it is, that quality of all really fine organisms never wholly lost, no matter in what strait the human or brute creature may be; that something that belongs to all thorough-breds—those who win the race by a neck if needs be, but win; those among us of pure lineage, trace of which may have been, perhaps, for a time lost, drawn from remote source, as it may have been, and through and over common clay—to those who dare and do, compelled to do and dare by something in their nature—something giving assurance of endurance and strength in reserve equal to all assail, and even in defeat not wholly overcome.

"Don't you feel much better now?" he asked, as he looked down upon this calm little creature evidently so self-possessed.

"I think," she said, unhesitatingly, "that I am hungry."

Of course she must be hungry. He was a brute not to have thought of that before. But what could he give her? A man on the point of committing suicide, and in such rooms, would hardly be apt to have a well-stocked larder, and to tell the truth, so little had Morris had of coin or of any currency for the last weeks, that command over food or drink had been but slight.

"I'm afraid," he said, blankly, "that I haven't anything."

If half an hour before any sensible man had told him that he, Richard Morris, then only thinking of quitting an existence that he found unbearable, would so soon and so eagerly long for the possession of the simplest sustenance that might maintain life for a hungry child; that he should feel such awkward shamefacedness that he had not anything to give her; he would have turned from him with the scorn that most merely sensible people deserve.

"But I can go out and get something," he added, suddenly remembering the fortune of a few pieces of silver loose in his pocket.

"Please do," she said; "I am very hungry. I haven't eaten anything for a whole, long, awful day. Won't—won't you please hurry?"

A whole day! This child without food for a whole day! The thing was startling; the thought of it one to make a man provoked with himself and his kind. She must have food, and at once. He started toward the door, but he did not like to leave her alone, weak as she was. He hesitated, and then suddenly, with glad relief, he remembered that he had some preserved fruit and some crackers purchased long before, when he had yet hope, and thought of striving to make something of his life. He found them, and gave the already opened bottle and the untied parcel to the child. But, he asked himself, had he done rightly? Were Wiesbaden strawberries and those dry sweet biscuits really the thing to give to a starving little being like this? But already she had the bottle under one arm, and one of the crackers loaded with the luscious berries at her lips.

"Oh!" she said in an instant; and there was ineffable depth of satisfaction, unspeakable ecstasy of gratification, in the half-murmured, half-ejaculated syllable. The countenance of a *gourmet* suffused with delight in a just-tasted and supremely delicate *plat*; of a connoisseur aglow as the bouquet and flavor of some rare, age-thinned ichor of some royal vine melts along two senses for the instant seemingly made exquisitely one—were but blanks compared to the child's face as she finished the quick feat of swallowing her first mouthful. But as the second half-cracker and its load disappeared, Morris wondered if he should not stop her. Famished persons, he had read, should not be allowed to eat so much and so quickly.

"I never, never tasted anything so good," she managed to say. "Do you always eat such good things?"

This last, after a large part of a well-freighted cracker had been swallowed in one mouthful.

He did not answer. He had unexpectedly made a humiliating discovery. He was very hungry himself—fiercely, ravenously hungry. Whether it was the child's eager voracity or only the nearness of this vivid bit of human life that relaxed the tension of the last morbid days and humanized him into something more natural, he did not take time to think. He was hungry; that was the present active fact. He picked up one of the crackers, and almost hesitatingly took a bite of it.

"Put on some of this," she insisted, with a certain richness in her gobbled words, for her mouth was full.

He did as he was bidden, and, sitting on the arm of the chair, he began eating with as much appetite and almost as much sense of gratification as the child herself. It was a close thing between them, first one and then the other at the bottle; and sometimes, when his hand was slightly before hers, she rapped it with a cracker, and insisted that her own should be first.

Soon he laughed.

"Don't," said the child—"don't laugh that way. Aren't you glad?"

He stopped. It was grotesquely ludicrous, enough to divert a very devil with any touch of facetiousness in his diabolism. A handful of minutes or so ago, and actually he was going to shoot himself, and here he was seated on the same chair with a child on whom he had never laid eyes before, silently and diligently eating "bread and honey." It was like smearing the ghastly face of tragedy with jam, like filling the terrible hand of self-slaughter with bonbons. What anticlimax could have been more complete? what bathos more profound?

And still they sat speechless, and, like the sailor's wife,

"mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht,"

only now and then turning eager, curious, watchful eyes upon each other.

"What is your name?" he asked at length, as he shook the cracker crumbs from his fingers.

"Papoose," she answered, quickly, as she took a bite of the last cracker of them all.

"But that's hardly your real name, you know," he said. "You must have some other."

"Oh yes!" she answered, looking into the bottle, where some inches of its contents still remained, and as if the other name was a wholly unimportant superfluity, "I've another—two—Marjory Penhallow."

"Marjory Penhallow," he repeated.

"Every one calls me Papoose," she said, indifferently. "I think you'd better call me Papoose."

He did not understand exactly how it was brought about, but from that moment he knew he was enlisted in her cause—had taken her small Majesty's shilling, as it were. Not that her supremacy had been declared; quite the contrary; her dependence had been established, that was all—a dependence more masterful than any tyranny.

"How old are you?" he asked, hesitatingly, and almost fearful of appearing rude.

"Twelve and a half," she answered. "Is not that too young?" she added, contemptuously.

"I have known people younger," Morris answered, with grave politeness.

"It seems strange," she said, "but I ought to be older. It seems to me that I have lived years and years."

"And," he asked, taking advantage of the opportunity, for there was a diminutive stateliness, a minimized dignity about this young person that had hitherto led him insensibly to abstain from asking her such questions, although he was desirous of knowing what had brought her to his door in such condition and at such a time, "have you always lived here?"

"In this city, do you mean, or in this house?" she asked, precisely.

"Do you—did you live in this building?" he demanded, in astonishment.

It was a large structure, with many rooms and long narrow halls. Its lower part was used for shops, the second and third stories for small manufacturing work, and the top for cheap lodging rooms. Now, as it happened, Morris was the only occupant of the cold, deserted upper story, where tenants came and went with such significant frequency.

"A long time," she answered. "The Necromancer and Isaac Newton and I."

"Who?"

"The Necromancer and Isaac Newton and I," she repeated. "The Necromancer was my uncle, Isaac Newton was the cat, and I was myself."

"Why the Necromancer?"

"Because he used to do such strange things. He made queer-looking little bits of machines, and had queer mixtures in queer glasses. He had a white beard, just like necromancers' in books. He was a great inventor. I always wanted him to discover the philosopher's stone I'd read about, but he wouldn't."

"No?" said Morris.

"No, he wouldn't"; and she went on slowly, and with a great effort of memory: "he said modern chem-is-try did more than ancient al-che-my ever thought of doing; that no trans-mu-tation was as wonderful as some of the results of e-lec-tri-cal action; that his philosopher's stone would make us as rich as if he could really make gold. I did not understand him very well. Do you?"

"I think so," said Morris. "And the cat?" he asked.

"The cat was Isaac Newton, because he was the greatest man that ever lived," she said, confidently.

"How long did you live here?" he asked.

"Years; but not in these rooms. They were too grand for us. We lived in small ones on the other side."

"Why did you go away?"

"The Necromancer died," she answered, with something hushed in her tone. "I found him lying beside his work-bench one day, on the floor, and there was a little spot of blood on his white forehead. They say it was falling on the floor did it. Oh, he was so thin and light that I could have lifted him almost."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"I held his head," she went on, "and screamed and screamed. He was so stiff, you know, and hard. Then I kissed him on his forehead where there wasn't any blood, and then I screamed again, and then people came."

She cast one look over her shoulder into a dark part of the room, and then turned quickly toward the protecting light of the coals, now brightly aglow in the stove.

"Then the Schroeders came," she went on.

"Who were the Schroeders?" he asked in a minute.

"They were very nice people," she said, with a quick adaptability; "de-light-ful people. They used to live in these rooms, and that's why I came here to-night. They were just married. They had a rose-bush in the window, and a canary-bird. Isaac Newton used to come here with me, and when he saw the canary-bird he would roll his eyes around, and just open his mouth a little, so that you could see a little white of his teeth, and I'm sure he would have eaten it if he could. Mr. Schroeder—she called him Max, but of course I couldn't do that—was a piano-tuner, and I don't believe piano-tuners are very rich men. But they were much richer than we, and they were so nice to me. They took me to their rooms and kept me weeks."

"And this was a long time ago?" he asked.

"Ever so long ago—in the spring," she continued. "But one day Mrs. Schroeder found a letter in one of my old dresses that said that if anything happened to him I was to be sent to some cousins who lived in the country, and that they were to take care of me. And so one day Mr. Schroeder took me to see them, and oh! they were such strange people! One Christmas the janitor's second youngest baby got an ark in his stocking, and that ark was in-hab-i-ted by Noah and Shem and Ham. Well, they were just like my cousins, only that they were much smaller, of course. I never saw a house like theirs; but then I have not seen the inside of many houses; a great big place, almost as large as this, that was never warm, and where there was no dust. It seemed to me sometimes that if it could be a little dirtier, it would be a little warmer. Oh, it was so clean! it seemed to me that the things were almost—raw. I don't think that they had much money either—how very strange it is that really nobody I know seems to have much money!—but they told me that they would not sell it and move into one of the small warm cottages for anything; that they had in-her-i-ted it, and that it was an-ces-tral. Well, they talked together, and then they finally said that they would keep me. Then Mr. Schroeder went away, and then I cried, and they stood and looked at me so solemnly and so kindly, as if they didn't know what to do with me."

"And did you live there long?" asked Morris, as she paused for a moment.

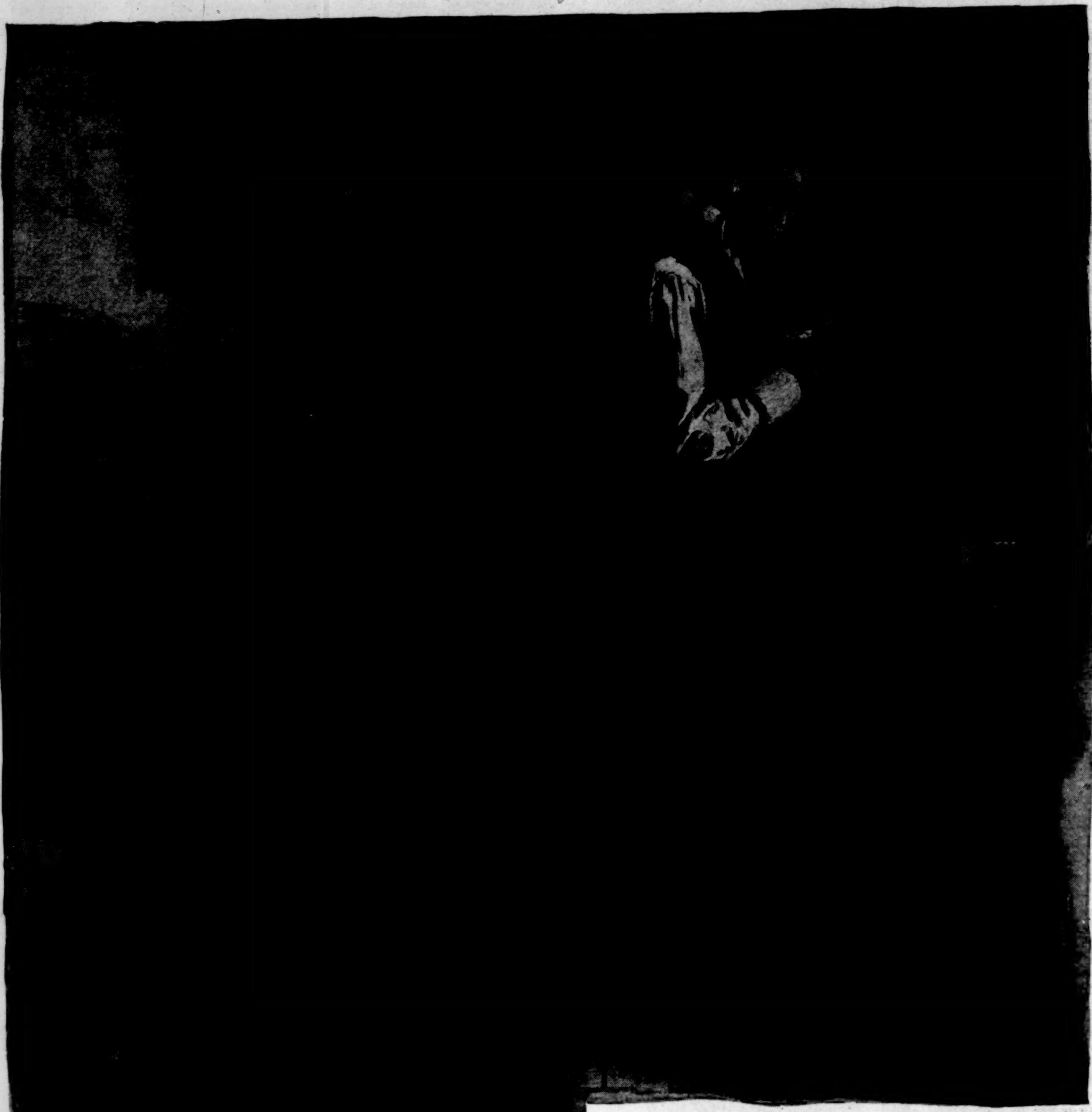
"Long!" she exclaimed. "Two thousand years by the parlor clock."

"Well?" he said, laughing at last.

"Oh, you want to hear more? We didn't have much re-cre-a-tion there—some of my words I've only read, and I'm not quite sure of the pro-nun-ci-a-tion—in that house. Sunday there was the most to do, for we used to drive to church with a horse with queer, straight bones like rulers, and sit in straight up and down pews like my cousins' chair backs, and listen to a man who did not seem to me to talk very civilly to the people."

"But they were always kind to you?" said Morris.

"Oh yes; but there is such a difference in 'kind,' you know. There was the Necromancer's 'kind'—the biggest"—and she held out her arms as if she would include miles of space—"and there



"THE OBJECT THAT HE DREW FROM IT SHONE EVEN IN THAT DIM LIGHT."

was the Schroeder's 'kind'; and then there is your 'kind'—all of them different," and she looked up at him. "What is your name?" she asked, suddenly.

"Morris."

"Yes, Morris, they were always one kind of 'kind'; but really they didn't know how, and I cried and cried, and thought I should die."

"What didn't you like?"

"The country, for one thing. It was awful."

"Oh!" exclaimed Morris, softly. He had always had a vague idea that children always liked the country, and the answer surprised him.

"It was frightful. Perhaps I should like it if it was more pop-u-lated, but there was almost no one to see all day long, and almost nothing to do. No swarms of people, no lovely shop windows, no hand-organs—nothing. In the summer it was bad, very bad, but in the winter—oh! It was like being shut up in a cave in the dark, and I was afraid. At night I could only sit and think how it was at home, where the pretty electric lights were shining, and the people were going to the theatres; and I couldn't stay out there any longer, Morris, and so I ran away."

"What?"

"Ran away," she repeated.

"How did you do that?"

"When Mr. Schroeder went away he gave me—my cousins didn't come clear to the gate—a little money. He said he thought—he was looking back at my woman cousin, who stood on the steps and held out her hand to see if it was raining—that I might some time want to buy something to please myself; for, God bless me! he said, he didn't believe I would have much to please me there. I kept that money for a per-i-od of dis-tress, and when I ran away I walked to the station; it wasn't far, not more than fifteen blocks. I stepped up to the janitor of the station-house and said: 'Is that enough to buy a ticket to New York? If it is, I want a very good one, please.' 'What are you going to New York for?' he asked, while he was pulling a ticket out of a place. 'To see friends,' I said, and then he gave me the ticket. And that was true, for I was going to see the Schroeders. I got to the city, and then I had to ask my way, first from one policeman and then from another, and I kept getting hungrier and colder, and then I lost my way, and it has taken me all day to get here, and the Schroeders are gone, after all, and I'm sure I don't know what I shall do."

There was little of doubt, less of helplessness, and nothing at all of despair expressed in her last few words. So far was she from doubt or fear that it was evident that her only anxiety was to obtain the rest of the strawberries without cracker as she was. She tipped up the bottle, and tried to cram her hand down the neck.

"I think," said Morris, "that perhaps, you know, you hadn't better eat any more of that now."

"But I am very hungry," she insisted.

"Suppose we go out and get something—well—healthier," he said.

"And bring it back here and eat it?" she exclaimed.

"If you like."

"Shoes," she cried. "Give me my shoes."

Morris handed them to her, and in a moment she had them on, and with a quick stamp or two she settled her feet well into them.

The weather had suddenly changed. As Morris and Papoose stepped out of the building, they found the street and sidewalks white with the new-fallen snow. It had been cold in the afternoon, but it was much colder now, and was freezing rapidly. The city no longer seemed murky, dismal, and forbidding, but bright, clean, and sparkling. The mud had stiffened, and was hid from sight; the snow had filled the dusky corners and crannies in the forlorn buildings, and lay thickly on the dark, sullen roofs. The electric lights were somewhat dimmed by the thick flakes, and each looked like some great globular, semitransparent fruit with gleaming core; but still they managed to light everything very brilliantly, causing the fringing icicles on the window-ledges and eaves to glisten, until it might seem in some places almost as if the houses were illuminated for some festival, with rows of suspended and sparkling lamps. The vehicles in the street were fewer, but the people on the sidewalks were, if anything, more numerous. The dull roar of the wheels was stilled, and the crowds no longer walked as if in tread-mill work, but with brisk step, as if freed, at least for a time, from routine and care. The ceaseless, unwearied murmur of the great city filled the air—that wonderful diapason, present always, but with varying resonance, and at most times with saddening or dismaying undertone; now, however, rising almost with something of gentle assurance, of quieting promise, as might some Brobdingnagian lullaby. And the air—the air gave quick elation. The change was as great and evident as might be noticed if some sad dark water of some iron-impregnated spring were suddenly charged with keen vivacity and glad volatility.

Morris had not been out for two days, nor had he for a longer time given attention to the things of the surrounding world. Now he noticed the stir, the brilliancy, the thronged ways, the illuminated shops, with some surprise. Was the city always like this, and had he never realized it? Was it his mood or the world that was changed, or both?

"Everything seems very gay to-night," he said, as he took the child's hand.

"Why!" Papoose exclaimed, in amazement. "Don't you know?"

"No," he confessed.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve! Didn't you know that? I thought that everybody knew that."

Christmas Eve, and not to know it! He had never felt quite so humiliated in his life. There was not a beggar in the street, not a prisoner in his cell, who did not know it, whose heart was not a little gladder, whose feeling was not a little kindlier, for the knowledge. He was but a drivelling creature, with small faculties in petty derangement; he was a poltroon who would be fugitive from annoyance, would hasten out of life in mere spite. He had gathered up a store of ills, and in his vain desire to put the great scheme of creation in fault, had set value by them as a madman might to the pebbles he thought diamonds. Any village idiot, wandering afield with straw-decked hat, and cackling with laughter at the good things he heard from his familiars in the air, was wise and worthy of admiration beside his cowardly, imbecile self. So he thought, or so he instinctively felt, as he again walked the world, the keen wind blowing in his face, and the lights about him, and a warm little hand tight in his own. Kill himself! Kill himself! And on Christmas Eve! The horror of it!

Papoose marched on in a delirium of vivid delight. The movement, the general air of festivity, charmed her; the noise delighted her; but the windows—the wonderful panorama of the shop windows—filled her with complete and ceaseless satisfaction. The confectioners', where white-capped and aproned men pulled out and about the gigantic skeins of shining candy; the toyshops, where seemed collected the small models from which everything had been made; the jewellers', where the gems glittered on the dark plush cushions only less brilliantly than the now unclouded stars in the wind-cleared heavens, in the soft, black velvet sky—all were enchanting. But it was before a great jeweller's shop that she paused the longest and looked the most wistfully.

"Oh!" she said, shaking her head slowly, "if I only had one ring, even like that dear little one with the blue flower, I would be happy—happy—happy!" She turned reluctantly away. "It's nice to look at them, anyway," she sighed.

But her beloved and regained city filled her with too great a joy to be easily subdued, and she quickly brightened up.

"I haven't got much money, you know," said Morris, apologetically, as they went on.

"Oh no!" she answered, quickly and cheerfully, as if that of course was everybody's natural condition, and no more to be deplored than the fact that one has no more than ten toes. "But you've got some, haven't you?"

"That's all," and he drew from his pocket a few half-dollars and quarters.

"All that to spend at once?" she cried. "But won't you need it for rent?"

"I think not."

"Surely?"

"Surely."

"Oh, how much we shall buy! Let me show you."

Papoose knew the streets of that quarter of the town as a nun knows her cloister. She knew exactly where she wished to go. Gradually Morris found his pockets filled with packages, his hands with bundles. Papoose, rich in experience, worked wonders with the small handful of money; never before would he have believed that so little would have bought so much.

"Go to the best, and you'll get the best, and—the most," she said, sagaciously, as they left a huge establishment, where she had judiciously invested twenty-five cents at least.

Every one remembered her; everywhere she was greeted as an

old friend. At the baker's she was treated as a distinguished stranger; at the little French shop selling *charcuterie*, she received an ovation; at the great grocer's, a triumph. The hurrying clerks in the largest and most crowded places treated her with particular deference, and received her orders with peculiar attention. All had missed her, and were glad to see her. The greetings she received affably; the questions she answered briefly. She was very busy, and had no time for gossip now. At last she announced that all her purchases had been made.

As they returned to what Papoose already designated as "home," Morris felt himself another man. An hour perhaps before he had been of a different nature, out of kindred with his kind; now he felt as if he had found a new naturalization. He felt like the others; he too carried bundles as so many did, and dropped them and laughed, and was laughed at by a companion. How long a way he had travelled in a short time! He was really almost jolly. Human voices rang, but gently, and yet deeply, and with more cheer than any voices he had ever before heard; the crowd was no obstruction, rather something companionable and pleasant; the jostle of a shoulder an informal salutation; every stare a "Merry Christmas!" Meet the world fairly, and it will strike hands with you in fair bargain; loosen a strap so that its load will sit easier on its shoulder, and it will help you with your own burden; slink away in hypochondriacal mood, and can you expect it with its wholesome healthy strength, with all the careless exuberance of its life, to turn after you, to run down your small blind alley, and nourish your petty vanity with the pap of cajolery? In some such fashion now ran his thoughts.

Suddenly Papoose stopped, and with her finger on her lip—a frequent gesture with her—looked up at the sky.

"How dark it is away—there!" she said, slowly. "I always feel as if it must be all so, all about us, below us too, and that the Necromancer has gone down through a dark door into—that."

How dark it would have been with him! thought Morris, "away—there," had his journey not been stopped upon the threshold by a fainting child's weak hand.

Morris placed the packages on the table. "We should have got something to light up the place," he said, reproachfully.

"Open the long bundle," commanded Papoose, briefly.

Within were two candles.

"Is it your pleasure that the illumination begin?" he asked.

Papoose nodded.

Morris placed one candle in a long Venetian glass—a piece of rich, rare, twisted Murano-work—and the other in the neck of a beer bottle, and put them on a small mantle behind the stove.

"The effect," he said, stepping back, "is even brilliant."

Papoose undid the other bundles, and spread their contents on the table. There was bread; there were several sausages, very fat and brown; there were some white, creamy cheeses; and

"'I FEEL BETTER NOW,' SAID THE CHILD, QUITE COMFORTABLY."

"IT WAS A VERY DIFFERENT PAPOOSE WHO DREW BACK THE PORTIÈRE."

there was a box of sardines; a Yorkshire pie—purchased at the suggestion of Morris; and there was a package of chocolate, already prepared for use; and there was another bottle of the strawberries.

"I can get some water in the hall," she said; and seizing a dish, she ran out of the room.

In a moment she had the chocolate boiling on the fire, in a pot that she recognized as belonging to the Schroeders, and that Morris had acquired with all the other goods of an out-going tenant, which he had purchased without much thought of what he was getting.

"Now we can begin," Papoose said, finally, when she had set the table to her satisfaction, and when the chocolate was quite ready.

Morris had a bottle or two of Apollinaris that he had procured, and opening one, he filled a glass for Papoose. But she did not like it. After a sip she turned away with a disgusted *moue*.

"Oh, the horrid stuff!" she exclaimed. "It spits in my face."

They were very hungry; they were very silent. There are repasts at which conversation is not the most brilliant part of the performance. It was while they were still eating that one of the great events of the evening took place.

"Oh!" cried Papoose, suddenly drawing up her feet. Almost at the same instant a feeble, plaintive "me-ouw" sounded under the table.

"It's Isaac Newton," she exclaimed, looking down, and immediately she was on her knees with the cat in her arms. "But how he does look!"

Certainly Isaac Newton did not look flourishing. He was thin to emaciation, his fur was ruffled and soiled, and his ears were torn and scarred. He had evidently encountered disastrous days and stormy nights, and there was a dispirited, not to say a dissipated, look about him that was very shocking. But he did not appear in the least aware of his own shortcomings. He acted quite as if nothing had happened, as if he were in his best evening dress. He calmly allowed himself to be stroked without any manifestations of undue delight, only purring very loudly, and butting his head energetically against the child's arm. But Papoose was, on the whole, disappointed with the meeting.

"I think you're a good-for-nothing old cat," she said. "You're not in the least glad to see me; but I'll feed you all the same."

At last, between Morris and herself and Isaac Newton, almost everything was eaten, and Papoose settled herself back in her chair.

"Wasn't it good?" she said.

"Good?" he answered. "It was ambrosial."

"You were hungry too?" she said, in some astonishment. "Why were you hungry with so much money?"

"Because—I forgot," he answered, lamely.

"You must have been very happy."

"Or very miserable."

"That is silly. When we are hungry and cold and alone, we are miserable. But you were not cold, and you had money to buy food, and you were in the city. Don't you know anybody?"

"A great many."

"Then why were you alone?"

"It is good to be alone sometimes," he said.

"Never," she answered, decidedly. "Don't they want to see you?"

"Some do."

"Then why don't you see them?"

"Because," answered Morris, slowly, "I suppose I am proud, and afraid they might think that I want their help."

"How silly!" said Papoose, contemptuously. "If you want their help, you want it. Why shouldn't people help each other? You've helped me."

"I thought I had gone down too far to help any one."

"Well, you see," she responded, triumphantly. "And if it hadn't been for you, what would I have done? Are you sorry?"

"Very, very glad."

"Then why shouldn't they be glad? I don't understand you. You are very silly."

It struck Morris with something of astonishment that really, on the moment, he could not give a direct and concise statement of his woes that would satisfy this direct and practical fellow-creature. There was certainly something wrong. Before this healthy, cheer-

ful little person anything he could have said would have seemed artificial and false.

"I wonder, Morris," she said, "if you are stupid? You haven't said anything in the least amusing since I have been here, and then to be miserable, and on Christmas Eve! I never heard of anything so silly. Why, Christmas is meant to make us happy."

"Yes," said Morris.

"Of course," she went on, "there was a time long, long ago when there was no Christmas. Then the world was not really happy, for then it was only wise; it did not know so well how to love. Then a Child was born, who grew to be a Man, and who taught it new things. People had known a great deal before, but they did not know how to love each other as well as now, for that was what He taught them." And she added, slowly and laboriously, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

"Yes," said Morris, in a very low tone.

"I have seen pictures of Him many times. They were not always quite the same, but very much alike. In them He is always sad. I wonder why, since He taught us happiness?" She paused. "And that is what Christmas is—His birthday—the birthday of the Man who showed us how to be happy."

Papoose sat gazing into the fire and stroking Isaac Newton's bobbing head. As she finished speaking she closed her eyes for an instant, and then opened them very quickly. She was evidently becoming sleepy.

Morris had forgotten her. He was thinking of what he was, and what he had intended. Suppose there were no God—so ran his thoughts—yet here, if not the great contrivance, was the great casualty of all things, and man the acme of the accident. How despicable to disgrace his kind by such exhibition—exhibition proving that the height of being is, after all, as weak as the pulp of the protoplasm, as small as an atom of matter! Certainly even fortuity must have laws, and such act as he had contemplated could not be within the true operation of forces strong enough to make and regulate a world. That a man should be coward enough to hide himself in oblivion, this was craven *lèse-majesté* against creation however created. But if there be a God—and no human being was ever sure that there was not—what then? The self-stultification of setting himself up against the Most High, of nullifying the ordinance of his own life, the insult of throwing back such gift to its Giver, what could such creature hope in eternity? What could such petty larcener, who stole his own existence, hope among those who had suffered and nobly borne? But he could think no more. How unsubstantial it all must really have been! It had needed but the touch of a child's hand, only a few moments' apposition with a clear, pure, human nature, to reteach him what life really is, to make him breathe its breath again with ample lungs. The old law was right, as it was in so many things that are called barbarous. A suicide's burial should be at the cross-roads, where the earth shall be so trampled that through it no ghost even can arise.

Here Papoose stirred, making a brave struggle to keep awake.

"What have you been thinking about?" asked Morris, with a start.

"I was thinking that it was Christmas Eve, and I was wondering if I hung up my stocking—"

Morris glanced quickly at her. It was not a matter likely to occur to him, and he had not thought of this very important part in the observance of *Noël*. But he had no more money wherewith to buy even the humblest gift, and surely on this night any place where money might be procured, as he had procured that which had supported him for the past days, must in very decency have folded its shutters, as bats their wings, and closed its doors for the time. A small fraction of one of the smallest sums that he had squandered without thought would have given her pleasure incalculable, and he regretted that he had no money for her, as he had never regretted the want for himself. A little honest exertion and he would not have been in such a plight. But she should have something; Christmas morning should not bring her the great grief of finding herself giftless.

"You might try," he suggested.

She shook her head wearily, but her stocking was already off, and her hand ran into it.

"There's a hole," she said, and with that power of quick transition from sadness to joy that characterized her, she laughed gayly.

"Here," said Morris, picking up a piece of twine with which one of the bundles had been fastened; "we'll mend it." Clumsily he tied it around the torn part of the heel. "There!" as he hung the stocking from the mantel.

"The last time I hung up my stocking," she said, "I got this with the other things," and she pulled from out of her dress a little gold locket hung upon a worn piece of ribbon around her neck. "Isn't she pretty?" she asked, as she opened it and handed it to Morris.

"Very," he answered; "but it is very much like you."

"Yes," she said; "it was my mamma."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. Where had he seen the face before—lovely, petulantly attractive, animatedly charming as the child's own? Had he seen it, or was his recollection the memory of some painter's canvas-caught ideal, or the lingering remembrance of some striking portrait? In Papoose he had once or twice noticed expressions that in the same way seemed to remind him of somebody or something, and the face in the locket, in its more vivid suggestion, only increased his perplexity.

"It was made before she ran away and married papa," went on Papoose.

Might it be possible? The idea was too preposterous even for a moment's harborage, and yet—

"Mamma ran away just as I have, and they wouldn't see her, and she wouldn't see them, and she died."

He turned over the locket. There was the name still clear in the worn gold, and with the date too. And so it was all explained. She was pretty, resolute, runaway Lillian Vassel's daughter.

Papoose, with her head in one corner of the chair, had gone to sleep.

Morris in the unrest of conflicting emotions had not thought what he should do with her for the night; but now the question, if question there had been, seemed settled. He lifted her from the chair, and carrying her into the next room, he placed her on the bed; then covering her carefully with a blanket or two, he went out, drawing the *portière* behind him.

"He must know—and to-night," he said, pausing again before the fire. "I'll go myself. I'll accept his aid if he offers it. As she says, 'Why shouldn't they be glad?'"

Now the crowd had disappeared, and the streets were almost deserted. As Morris walked quickly uptown, he thought again of the change the last few hours had brought. He had given help to a frail existence that might have been lost without his aid, even when he would have taken his own strong life. Which were the nobler thing? He did not make direct answer to this self-question, but he felt that somewhere in that unuttered response lay the final solution of all his doubts and difficulties.

He was passing before a great church, through whose gorgeous windows the light shone in soft, subdued color; from within, the rich, massed voices seemed to press even through the white stone walls in a purity and sweetness before unknown to him. The moon swept a cloud away, and shone on cornice and pinnacle, on frieze and spire, on the dainty carving of the marble, on the wreathed snow that in some places covered it, both emulous in unexcelling whiteness. Now the organ's sound seemed to burst the cathedral doors, and in grand volume came a pæan, an acclaim, a cry of proud, triumphant joy,

"For unto us a Child is born."

It was a midnight service for Christmas Eve, and as he stood with his bowed head against the iron railing, he thought how truth had come to him that night from the lips of a child, and he realized as never before the significance of that birth more than eighteen hundred years ago—that event that has been of more moment to the world than any other since it emerged from chaos, and perhaps it is of more momentous importance to-day than ever before.

When Morris mounted the steps of the great house away up the avenue its whole front was dark, no light appearing except in the vestibule, where the heavy lamp was still burning. But he knew the habits of the inmates too well not to be certain that some one would be awake and on duty. He rang the bell confidently. Vassel's own man opened the door, the butler doubtless having long gone to such sleep as a butler's conscience permits.

"Mr. Richard!" exclaimed the man, starting back.

"Yes, Jarvis, it is I," said Morris. "I am no Christmas ghost. Is Mr. Vassel still up?"

"He is, Mr. Richard. He's sitting in the library, thinking and thinking, as he's always doing."

"I'll go alone," said Morris, as he walked toward the room he knew so well. The door was partially open, and as he crossed the threshold he glanced around. He had not seen it for a long time—the gallery with the brass railing running around three of its sides; the great mantel above the fireplace at the farther end rising to the ceiling; the volumes in thousands clinging and clustering tier on tier, the rich bindings and the dark shelvings deepening in their soft tones. The big table was littered as always with pamphlets and papers in that peculiar confusion that denotes familiar use. Over all the light seemed massed, condensed into something richer even than light, but everywhere almost the same. Anywhere an Elziver Terence might easily be read, the most delicate touch of a Clovis Eve tooling clearly seen. No sound arose from the thick carpet as Morris advanced.

Vassel sat before the fire, one elbow upon the arm of his chair, his head on his hand.

"Philip," said Morris.

Vassel looked up without start or manifestation of surprise.

"You can leave us, Jarvis," he said to the man who had followed Morris into the room, and as he came forward Morris saw how much older he appeared, how changed he was from what he had been when he had last seen him.

"I am glad you have come," he said to Morris as he took his hand. "I have hoped for a long time that you would come. Sit here," and he pointed to a chair opposite the one in which he had been seated.

The two men gazed at each other for a moment without a word.

"I have come to ask your help," said Morris.

"I would have given it without the asking had I known where to find you or how to give it."

"I would not have accepted it then," answered Morris. "I would not do so now had I not learned much when I thought I knew the most. I have learned to-night life's greatest lesson; in trying to help another I have helped myself. The touch of a hand weaker than mine has given me strength; the gift of one poorer than myself has given me riches. He is an inexperienced fool, Philip, who says that he can do without the companionship of his kind; an arrogant braggart who thinks that he can dispense with such aid."

"Have I ever felt that I was all-sufficient to myself?"

"Yes."

"Have I ever held my hand when I could give aid to any I thought worthy of it?"

"You have always been just; but we must be more—we must be generous. Omniscience alone has the right to be simply, severely just; humanity must be something more, lest it make mistake; it must be amply generous. The spirit that in your father drove your sister from his house is in you. If he had not died so suddenly can you doubt that he finally would have relented? Do you doubt now what he would have done?"

"Where did you learn what you tell me?"

"From a child."

"From a child?"

"From a child who can teach you as much as she has taught me. You need aid of such kind as much as I did, who would have shot myself if it had not come. I bring you joy and grief. Can you bear either or both?"

"The last, yes; the first, I think so. I have not known it lately."

"Philip," said Morris, "she"—pointing to the mantel, where a large picture framed in the marble was partially covered with a curtain—"is gone, but it was her child who saved my life to-night. I think sense of the inadequacy of a life alone—lived for one's self alone—perhaps has come to you before; be helped, as I have been helped, to further knowledge before it is too late."

The purveyor of light the next morning gave it forth with Christmas prodigality. It was not light left over from yesterday's supply polished up and made ready for to-day's use. It seemed rather of other essentials, of another nature. Its touch gave gladness; wherever it dwelt or lay it seemed a coating for delight. It threw itself, plate upon plate, upon the closed wooden shutters of the room where Papoose slept, and running into and filling their small cracks seemed to drip down like molten solder, part silver and part gold. But it was noiseless, and could not break the sleep of the tired child. It was nearly noon when she awoke. She slowly opened her eyes and gazed about her. That she was puzzled by her surroundings was as evident as that she was wholly undismayed.

A woman of fifty, almost stately in her heavy cloth dress, rose from the chair in which she sat at the head of the bed, and stood before her.

"Where am I?" asked Papoose, amazedly.

"You are in Mr. Morris's rooms," the woman answered. "I am Mrs. Beattie, Mr. Vassel's house-keeper; and here," she said, "is your maid Félicie."

That she must have awoke somebody else was the first thing that Papoose thought as she sat staring before her, and immediately she had decided that she would not let them know who she really was—not at first.

"Where is Morris?" she asked.

"Mr. Morris and Mr. Vassel are in the next room," answered Mrs. Beattie. "Will you get up now?"

It was a very different Papoose who drew back the *portière* a little later. A rich dress hung in heavy folds about her; rich furs were gathered at her throat; upon her head was a small marvel of a hat, and on her hands were long wrinkled gloves.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

Much was in the room that had not been there before. The divan was covered with packages, the tables with bundles and cases. The long-coated footman, who now stood just outside the door, had borne many armfuls from the heavy carriage that was at the entrance of the building. It had been difficult to gather all the objects Christmas morning, but Vassel, assisted by Jarvis who had accomplished wonders, with relieving lavishness, had managed to have it done.

"Oh!" repeated Papoose.

There were toys, fantastic and intricate; trifles of all kinds, dainty and delightful; there were things wholly unfitted for a child in their rarity and value.

"Oh, Morris," she said, "how could you have done it?"

"I didn't," he said. "You must thank another."

Then for the first time she looked at Vassel, who had stood somewhat apart.

"But," she answered, stoutly, "you were first, and I will thank you first."

Seizing Morris's hand she kissed it. With wild cry and exclamation she pillaged the place. When all lay revealed to her, she turned to the stocking that hung apparently as limp and lank as it had the night before. Away in its toe was the blue ring.

"It is all I could give, Papoose," said Morris. "Will you wear it?"

The price of the weapon that the night before he had held at his temple had bought it.

"Put it on," she commanded. She held out her hand, admiring the effect. "Oh, Morris," she said, "aren't you glad I came?"

"Yes," he answered; and he shuddered as he glanced about the place, and thought how different a sight might have been there had she not come.

THE BURNING OF LYNN.

NEARLY the whole of the business part of the great shoe city of Massachusetts was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, November 26th. The conflagration was not only the greatest in the history of Lynn, which was visited by a similar disaster in 1871, but one of the greatest of our time. In the extent of territory devastated and in the amount of property destroyed it ranks with the great fires of Chicago and Boston. It is estimated that fifty acres were laid bare by the flames. An apparently accurate account gives the following as the number of buildings destroyed: 142 dwellings, 112 wooden stores and factories, and 42 brick structures. About 10,000 operatives have been thrown out of employment, 162 families are homeless, and the money loss is estimated to be in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. Many of the buildings destroyed are large shoe factories, the fire having originated in one of them, which was situated in the very heart of the city, and in the immediate neighborhood of other like establishments. Besides the factories, the fire swept out of existence dwellings, brick and wooden business blocks, the large brick railroad station of the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, the Western Union Telegraph office, the local telephone office, the offices of the *Item*, *Bee*, and *Press* newspapers, three national banks, the Lynn Institution for Savings, four express offices, the Lynn Gas and Electric Company's office, a large number of leather and miscellaneous manufacturing establishments, and the Central Congregational Church.

The fire began about noon, and lasted until after nine o'clock in the evening. It originated in the shoe factory of Mower & Brother, which was situated within a short distance of the railroad station. Its progress was hastened by a strong southwest wind, but especially by the character of the material on which it fed. Most of the factories and business buildings were of wood, fire traps of the worst character, and the people of Lynn and the insurance companies have long feared the catastrophe which has overtaken the city.

Lynn is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts. Its history began about the time of the coming of the Puritans, when a few stray members of the Plymouth colony made their way to the woods and coast that were to be known as Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly, after the landing of Winthrop and his companions. The business of making shoes was begun there long ago. At first it was conducted in small shops, in which three or four shoemakers co-operated. The trade was confined chiefly to the manufacture of women's shoes, but the business grew rapidly, large factories sprang up, the town became the centre of the shoe trade of the country, and was known the world over as the shoe city. Kindred trades followed, and in the list of business houses burned out will be found factories of heels, shoe-strings, counters, leather, tops, patterns, soles, and box toes. As the business grew, so grew the city. If its population has increased during the decade drawing to a close a[illegible] did from 1870 to 1880, it must now be in the neighborhood of [illegible],000.

The approach to the city from Boston is along the shore of Massachusetts Bay, by way of Chelsea and Revere Beach. The first station in the city is West Lynn, and there the sea leaves the road, the land trending southerly to Nahant. Along the road from this point to the main station were large lumber yards, box factories, carpenter shops, and at last the wooden shoe and leather factories. These wooden structures were built when the city was in its youth, and before its prosperous future could have been foreseen. The community grew up about these shoe factories, which thus stood in the middle of the finest business buildings of the city. The station which was destroyed was in the middle of a great square, called Central Square, bounded by four important streets, out of which ran smaller streets. The four streets are Union, Silsbee, Exchange, and Mount Vernon. The factory in which the fire started was on Almont Street, near Union, northeast of the railroad station. The Mower factory was 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. As soon as the fire was discovered a general alarm was sent out, but before the firemen reached the spot the building was doomed. The exertions of the firemen were unavailing, and the flames spread with terrible rapidity. In fifteen minutes the fire was beyond the control of the department. Appeals were sent to Boston, Swampscott, Salem, and other towns, and were immediately responded to. Buildings were blown up with dynamite, but nothing could stay the conflagration. The flames leaped over the empty spaces, and licked up the frail structures in an incredibly short time. The draught of the twenty or thirty steamers that were run on the ground was too great for the water supply, and it was owing to this and to the failure of the firemen to blow up a small wooden factory next to it that the destruction of the Central Congregational Church, a very handsome edifice, was due. The fine stone building of the First National Bank seemed literally to melt away in the awful heat. Very soon the streets were filled with frightened citizens, and the militia were called upon to keep them clear in order that the firemen might have room for the performance of their task. Business men were seeking places of safety for their books and other valuables, and families were flying with their household effects. Eye-witnesses describe a complete panic. Even the people of Swampscott, the adjoining village on the northeast, took precautions against the anticipated spread of the flames to their own homes.

The fire made its way to Union Street and around Central Square in little more than half an hour. Within these few minutes several factories, a newspaper office, and the Western Union office were destroyed. The terrific power of the fire may be judged from the fact that a large five-story building was wiped out in less than half an hour. By three o'clock more than half a mile of buildings had been burned over. Soon after this hour,

Chief Engineer Webber, of Boston, and the Fire Commissioners reached Lynn, and Chief Engineer Moody, of the local department, having been prostrated, the Boston chief took charge. Massing the engines which had now come from every place within transportation distance of Lynn, he directed their energies to stopping the spread of the conflagration westward. But the flames swept on southward on two lines, destroying everything in their path. The railroad station had gone, and through travel was interrupted for six hours. Down along the wharves the lumber yards had disappeared, but the firemen succeeded in saving some of the coal sheds. The fire took the main thoroughfares, and then the cross streets, travelling slowly up the steep grades, which are numerous in the city.

The outline of the burnt district stretches irregularly along six streets north of Central Square, and then the flames, making their way southward along Beach and Silsbee streets to their junction near the harbor, make an irregular triangle. In all twenty-one streets were attacked, thirteen of them lying within the outline which has been described. The fire seems to have been checked in its eastward course by Commissioner Tobin, of Boston, an old fireman, who took command of one of his own engines, and succeeded in thoroughly and effectively wetting some wooden buildings in Broad Street, just beyond Silsbee Street.

The work of the fire was so complete that from the burned railroad station Lynn looks like a city that has been destroyed. Nearly every building within sight from a train approaching from Boston is gone. It will be many months before the principal business of the place can be resumed, and it will be a hard winter for the thousands of operatives who have been thrown out of employment, and for their families. Most of the inhabitants are New-Englanders, and are full of characteristic New England energy. Already plans for rebuilding the factories are under consideration, and there is no doubt Lynn will rise from her ashes as rapidly as new structures can be erected. There is no doubt, either, that the city will be handsomer and very much safer than it was before this disaster came upon it. The newspapers whose offices were destroyed obtained temporary quarters at once, and one of them issued an extra edition while the fire was raging.

Assistance for the people who have been deprived of work and driven out of homes is absolutely necessary. Mayor Newhall, in asking aid, expresses his regret at being obliged to issue his appeal, but there is no help for him, and the most sensitive person need feel no shame in accepting what is bestowed by the generosity of his neighbors in a time of such dire distress. Offers of money and of any other material aid that may be needed were at once telegraphed from a score of cities and towns. Boston was the first to hold a public meeting and to open a subscription for the sufferers, whose loss of employment is not only a great but a disheartening disaster, for the factories were crowded with orders, and constant employment for many hands and for a long period was certain.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

FIRE devastated one of the most substantial business sections of Boston on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 28th. Seventeen years ago, almost to the day, the city suffered in the same locality from a great fire. It is an interesting and significant circumstance that the notices of the two fires were sent from the same alarm box, No. 52. It is also interesting that the Boston newspapers proclaimed on the very morning that the fire occurred that such a disaster as had visited Lynn was impossible in Boston; that the city, taught by two successive years of conflagration, 1872 and 1873, had taken such precautions that a great fire was impossible. And yet the great fire came and had its way before the ink on the self-laudatory editorials was dry.

After the great fire of 1872, Boston merchants who had been its victims rebuilt with the utmost care. The section of the city which was burned on Thanksgiving Day was a mass of fire-proof buildings, or of what were called fire-proof buildings. There were no mansard-roofs, no timber adornments. Stone and metal alone composed the surfaces, while partition walls and ceilings were of brick and tile. Extraordinary precautions having been taken, ordinary precautions were slighted, so that only one building attacked by the flames was provided with iron shutters. The narrow streets of old Boston have always been the dread of insurance companies, and some of them were widened after the fire of 1872. Others, however, were not, and all of them remained narrower than was quite compatible with security. What saved Boston from a destruction as extensive as that of seventeen years ago was its magnificent water supply and its efficient fire department. Thrifty Boston has been complaining of late years of the amount of its water tax, but it ought to complain no longer now that the abundant supply has quenched a conflagration over which ordinary streams, aided by a severe rain-storm, had no power.

The fire was first discovered by a letter-carrier who was making his morning round. The flames were leaping out of the upper windows of a building on Bedford Street, occupied by the New England Leather Association, Brown, Durrell, & Co., and other tenants. At this point Bedford Street runs directly west, the offices of the Leather Association being on the corner of Columbia Street, and the store of Brown, Durrell, & Co. being on the corner of Kingston Street to the westward of this great building, extending from one street to the other. The Boston *Herald* said, in an editorial published on the morning after the fire: "The building in which it [the fire] originated was not a safe building from a fire point of view. Some years ago it formed the subject of certain very severe criticisms, made by Mr. Edward Atkinson, and we are informed that the insurance rates upon it were higher than upon any other strictly mercantile risk in that part of the city—higher, indeed, than those placed by the underwriters upon many so-called special hazards. These experts believed that this was a dangerously constructed building, and that a fire, once fairly started in it, would lead to its total destruction." From this it would appear that Boston, in estimating its chances against fire, had not taken into account the danger of having a tinder-box in the midst of stone blocks of buildings.

The fire was discovered at about fifteen minutes after eight, and the firemen were on the ground in a very few minutes. The story of Lynn was repeated, for the flames had got beyond the control of the engines before the hose was laid. A strong east wind was blowing, and it swept the flames up Bedford Street with terrible violence. Kingston Street approaches Bedford from the south at an angle of about ninety degrees westward, and leaves it on the north at an angle of about forty-five degrees eastward. Bedford Street also takes a turn at this corner, and instead of proceeding due west runs northwesterly. The flames had leaped over Columbia Street, burning a fringe along the easterly side opposite the Leather Association's office, and the buildings on the other side of Bedford Street were also destroyed. The great destruction, however, was west of Kingston Street. Opposite the store of Brown, Durrell, & Co. was one of the noblest business structures in the world. It was the one commercial building in the East designed by Henry Hobson Richardson. Its owner was Mr. F. L. Ames. It was built of red sandstone. It went to ruin as if it were tinder. The fire travelled westward up Bedford Street, destroying everything on the square bounded by Kingston, Bedford, and Chauncey streets and Row Place. On the north side of Bedford Street it swept away nearly a whole block of massive structures. It jumped over Chauncey Street, and consumed more than half the block to Harrison Avenue. On this street are the rears of the great dry-goods stores of R. H. White & Co. and Jordan, Marsh, & Co., whose fronts are on Washington Street. These great buildings were so seriously threatened that their whole force of employés, and all their delivery wagons, were in readiness to move the most valuable part of their stocks. At one time, so rapid and hot were the flames, it seemed as though they could only be stopped by the Common, and as if the buildings on Washington Street were doomed.

The fire raged until afternoon. The rain was pouring in torrents, but it seemed to have very little effect on the flames. Chief Webber, whose skill had been successful in staying the Lynn fire, sent out a general alarm within a few minutes after the discovery of the fire. The whole force of the city and all its splendid water power were concentrated on the conflagration. Buildings and merchandise that were not burned were ruined by the deluge of water that was poured upon them. Alarms were sent out to neighboring cities and towns, and the requests for aid were quickly answered. In addition to the Boston force there were engines from Waltham, Newton, Chelsea, Malden, Stoneham, Reading, Winchester, Brockton, Taunton, Salem, Peabody, Lynn, Danvers, Gloucester, Brookline, Quincy, New Bedford, and Marblehead. One engine went from Nashua, New Hampshire, and reached the fire in an hour. Engines started from Springfield, but were stopped by the news that the flames were under control. The Marblehead men had just reached home from their fight with the Lynn fire when they received the despatch announcing that Boston was in danger. They responded at once, were placed in one of the most dangerous positions, and checked the fire on their side. Nearly every contingent force out of town was accompanied by the chief of the department to which it belonged, and never was there a more gallant and effective fight made against a conflagration. The work demanded was of the severest. The flames were so hot that men accustomed to fighting fire shrank from them.

The buildings that were destroyed were among the most substantial in the country. They were products of Boston's former sad experience; but granite, freestone, marble, iron, and brick went down before the terrible element as if they had been wood. The granite bursted and melted. Its particles were thrown with such violence that they wounded the firemen and the spectators. It is said, in one of the Boston newspaper reports, that Chief Webber's face was so disfigured by the hot fragments of granite that it looked as though it were pitted by small-pox. By the falling of one of the buildings some engines and trucks were totally destroyed, and four firemen are missing.

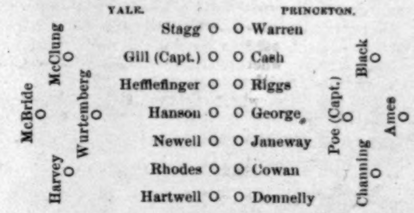
When the fire was finally subdued, an important part of the territory that had been burned over in 1872 was in ruins. By reason of the skill and energy with which it was fought, it lasted a little more than four hours. At half past twelve Chief Webber announced that it was under control. As if a cruel fate were still pursuing them, the boot and shoe dealers were among the heaviest losers. Nearly fifty concerns engaged in this business suffered from the fire. Other victims were dry-goods, hosiery, and knit-goods firms. There are no burned factories or dwelling-houses to spread the suffering among the poor. The total loss will probably be between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, and serious doubt is expressed of the ability of all the insurance companies to meet the losses of this and the Lynn fires.

THE PRINCETON-YALE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

PRINCETON wrested the inter-collegiate foot-ball championship from Yale on Thanksgiving Day, at Berkeley Oval, in a game which marks an epoch in foot-ball in this country, both in point of skill and bitterness of contest. The game was witnessed by the greatest crowd of spectators ever gathered upon a foot-ball field on this side of the Atlantic, and was played to a finish by the two best-trained and most skilful teams that have faced each other in America. There were, at a safe estimate, 25,000 persons present. The crowd filled all the seats prepared by the management, covered the tops of nearly a hundred coaches, banked a dozen deep around the fences, concealed the hill-side to the south and southwest for many yards back, and hung in the branches of trees all around the oval. It was a crowd about evenly divided in its sympathies between the competing colleges, and the enthusiasm took a deafening shape when play began, and was continuous under the alternating advantages of one and the other side until the very end.

Yale had perhaps the stronger team in team play. If there was any choice, Yale did the better mass work. That Princeton won is due to the brilliant playing of individuals upon her team, the tremendous weight of her centre, and her magnificent backs. Princeton also showed better staying powers than Yale, and exhibited fine spirit when she spurted. Yale, on the other hand, did better work on the defensive and in middle ground, and was almost sluggish when she got the ball, as she did repeatedly, close to Princeton's goal line. Both the touch-downs that Princeton scored were won chiefly because Yale was weaker behind the rush line. But it was evident at the close of the game that Princeton's tremendous staying powers would have enabled her to score largely had there been a quarter-hour longer to play. Yale was winded and overpowered in the last ten minutes.

Berkeley Oval runs east and west. Yale won the toss and chose the west goal, with the advantage of a light wind. The teams lined up in front of each other at the start in this fashion:



Princeton held the ball, and began the first half at half past two o'clock with a wedge-shaped rush to the right. The wedge ploughed through Yale's opposing forces, and was crushed only after a gain of ten yards. The men lined up, and then Black, the heavy half back, and Riggs, Princeton's right guard, carried it well into Yale ground, where the play remained for some time. Princeton had made a brave start, and all the orange and black in the huge enclosure was waved to the tune of the "Tiger! s-s-s! Boom! Ah-h!" Ames, Princeton's famous full back, who is called "the Snake," because of his brilliant dodging, tried to drop a goal from the field against the wind at this early stage of the game, but the drop fell short. The play swayed for a few minutes to the other end of the field, and back again. Again Ames tried for goal and failed. The first fifteen minutes of the game was as blue for Yale as her colors.

Then Yale took a turn at invasion, and the multitude became blue with silken flags and streamers, and the air boomed with the "'Rah! 'rah! 'rahs" of the New Haven lads. Princeton's noted centre rush, George, sprained his ankle, and Jones took his place. It was a bad omen for Princeton, and when Yale's veteran captain, Gill, aided by McClung and Stagg and Harvey, carried the leather melon close to the Princeton goal, every looker-on expected that Yale would win the game on the spot. It was Ames's long punt, followed up by the lively Princeton end rushers, Donnelly and Warren, that saved the day.

It was at this point that Princeton's individual players began an exhibition of strength and skill that delighted the experts beyond measure, and made the game from now on singularly exciting even to the neophyte in foot-ball. Cowan, the Princeton "theolog.," who has the strength of an ox, started it with a dash of 20 yards through the middle of the Yale heavy-weight hosts, and soon after, when McBride's long low kick and Hanson's superb tackle of the catcher had brought the ball momentarily close to the Princeton line, "Snake" Ames darted up the side of the field, throwing off all comers with his easy side thrusts and slippery dodges, and regained fully 25 yards of good ground. It was a momentary advantage. Again Yale made a vigorous sally, but Ames punted long, Donnelly got the ball skilfully, and Channing rushed it hard upon Yale's goal. Little Captain Edgar Allen Poe stopped Yale's next raid with a catch, and then Princeton went in to win.

The game had been singularly exciting throughout, because it had swayed back and forth so vigorously. So evenly matched were the sides that it was seen at once that nothing but some brilliant play would score. But there were brilliant players on both sides, and not an observer dared to miss a movement. Princeton's vigorous charge now looked like business, and the spectators held their breath. Ames made a grand dash of 30 yards, and Channing and Cash advanced the ball still more. Princeton centred her weight, and rained charge upon charge against Yale's rush line. Ames tried a third goal, but for the third time missed, and time was called for the conclusion of the first half, with Princeton charging into Yale's goal, and not a point scored for either side.

If there had been excitement at the start, there was breathless attention when the teams changed goals and wind, and lined up for the second forty-five minutes. One side or the other must win now, but no one could predict the winner. Princeton was lively and brilliant; Yale was dogged, persevering, and aggressive. The game was to who scored.

Yale started off with a fierce rush, and then followed some long punts from McBride to Ames and back again, with swaying dashes by the competing teams from goal to goal, that brought the 25,000 spectators to their feet, and made the air reverberate with the overlapping cheers of the rival collegians. Yale had the advantage. Time and again she pushed her opponents hard, but only to be repulsed. There was a moment when all thought Yale would score, and when experts said she should have scored. Back and forth swayed the game, and the half was half over without a point for either side. Then Princeton gathered herself together for another tremendous effort. Like her charge in the first half it carried the field before it, only this time it led on to victory. The heavy backs thumped against the Yale front, Ames punted vigorously, and Princeton's heavy centre gathered for charge upon charge, with ever-increasing force and no mercy, against Yale's doomed rush line. Yale was weakening; but died hard. She gathered herself time after time to the charge. She used Gill's hard rushes with temporary success along the right centre. She brought up Hartwell to interfere, and Hefflefinger and Stagg and Hanson to block and rush and beat against the human wall of Princeton's front. She used Morison, who had taken Harvey's place, and McClung to run the sides, and McBride to punt long and low and hard. Many times she broke down the Princeton forces, and sent the ball spinning into Princeton ground. Many times she tackled hard and furiously, and massed weight in the centre, overpowered her opponents, and seemed on the verge of victory. But Princeton returned after each repulse more powerfully to the front, and slowly but surely pushed the burden of battle nearer the Yale goal.

Now the ball is in Princeton's hands, and but 20 short yards from the coveted goal. Now is the time to score, if ever.

And Princeton did score. The ball was snapped back and passed to Ames, and the famous drop kicker tried his fourth field kick for Yale's crossbar. He missed the goal, but sent the ball skipping over the Yale line. How the Yale backs and half backs scrambled to secure it! And how easily strong Riggs, and fleet Warren flung the Yale blockers off like paper men, and followed! The enormous crowds stood up and yelled. McBride grabbed the ball and lost it, and in an instant Riggs and Warren both fell upon it, and Princeton had scored a touch-down.

Then the orange and black was waved frantically, the shouts of the spectators seemed to break the clouds, and the Princeton players danced and hugged each other on the field of battle.

The ball was placed in the field, and Ames kicked a goal. The score was 6 to 0 in Princeton's favor.

When Yale began play again it was with a rush like a hurricane. It was all or nothing now, and in a trice the ball was only 25 yards from Princeton's goal. McClung made a drop kick for the crossbar. It was a thrilling moment when the ball hovered in the air as though uncertain where to go. Then it dropped. It struck the goal post, and rebounded. Yale groaned; Princeton cheered. There was another Yale shout when Gill touched the ball in Princeton's goal, but it was a foul, and not allowed.

Five minutes of desperate play followed upon the edge of Princeton's line. But nothing could break that wall of strength and skill, and presently the ball sailed out to safe ground from Ames's vigorous toe. Again Yale rushed to the charge, with Gill and Morison and Stagg holding the leather. Again the ball was forced close to the Princeton goal line. It was Yale's supreme effort. If she scored, she tied the game, and would struggle on even terms.

But Princeton collected her shattered forces, fought off the charge, and gathered herself in the middle field for her last raid. It was a brilliant one. Down the field went the ball and the runners. The heavy centre massed again and again for sledge-hammer charges, while Cash, Cowan, and Black forced dashes through the Yale rush line, and Ames and Channing ran brilliantly across field and along the sides. Princeton was playing to win now, and kept the ball. She gave McBride no chance to punt back to centre-field. Now she stood 10 yards from the goal line. Now Yale hammered her back. Now she advanced again. Again she is hammered back. The great crowd stood up in excitement, and when Yale got the ball, but lost it through McBride's fumble, and huge Cowan broke the line and fell upon it ten feet from the goal line, the spectators flung the police to one side, and invaded the foot-ball field.

The Princeton team lined up, and Cowan broke through Newell and Rhodes and Morison and McBride, and made the second touch-down for Princeton. It counted four points when Ames failed to kick the goal, and the score was 10 to 0 in Princeton's favor.

The crowd had to be beaten from the field before play could be resumed. Yale wedged and rushed for a final but forlorn sally. Less than five minutes remained. But Princeton stood firm, and gave Ames the ball near the middle of the field. The game closed gloriously for Princeton, for Ames darted to the right, flinging Stagg and Gill and McClung and Wurtemberg, and ended a dash of forty-five yards, the most brilliant seen on a foot-ball field in several years, in McBride's arms, and only five yards from Yale's goal line. Then time was called, with the score still 10 to 0 for the orange and black.

THE PRINCETON-YALE FOOT-BALL MATCH AT THE BE

BERKELEY OVAL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 975.]

CAMEL BELLS

TINKLING, tinkling over the sands
 Of the desert at night, says the legend old,
 Came the kings on the camels, with bells of gold,
From the dusks and spices of odorous lands—
 The jewelled king from the Persian sea,
 The puissant monarch of Araby,
 And Tarshish's prince, still young and fair.
 And the Golden Star, in the gold-dust air,
Swung its censer across the mystic sands.
 So first the bells of Epiphany
 Were rung in the night by the camels three,
Tinkling, tinkling over the sands.

I hope it be true, but it matters not:
 The world rings sweet like the camel bells
That fancy hears by the palm-cooled grot
 Outside the inn by the cattle wells.
They were worshipful hearts and generous hands,
 Whoever the Magi may be, I know,
 And happy the feet that after them go
 In search of the truth from Araby,
From the air-hung dome, or the humblest spot,
 And follow the path of the camels three,
 Of the shadowy kings and the desert sea,
And the night bells tinkling over the sands.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HACIENDA.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

IN the year of which I write, New Mexico was still a state of the Mexican Republic. Along the Rio Grande were strung the tiny cities, ruined missions, and fortified ranches of the few descendants of the Spanish conquerors, who in this upland valley held their own as best they could against the fierce predatory Indian tribes of the desert about them. The Rio Grande was the eastern boundary of the hacienda of the *rico* the Señor Don Francisco Obispado. From the river this great estate stretched westward over leagues of plain and mountain to the summits of the Sierra Madre. With the brief interlude of the Pueblo insurrection of 1680, it had been held by the Obispados from the time the mailed ancestor in the sixteenth century had planted the cross upon it and taken possession under a grant from his most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain and the Indies.

Don Francisco resided at the *estancia*, or home ranch, which was a little town of itself, built wholly of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and lay about a plaza or public square. It was known as the Plaza de Obispado. The massive house of Don Francisco fronted the plaza, of which it formed a side. Its windows, doors, and verandas faced inwardly upon the court-yard. One great entrance and passage large enough to admit a carriage led from the plaza to the court-yard. The church, with square belfry and cross, the *tienda*, or store, and the house of the *mayordomo*, or steward of the estate, made a second side of the square. On the other two sides were the long, low houses in which dwelt Don Francisco's peons and their families. At the corners of the plaza narrow streets led to the outer country.

Here the coming Christmas was to be celebrated with due festivity. Owing to a family bereavement the old-time festivities of the day, for which the house of Obispado once was famous, had not been observed for several seasons. On this year the Señor Don had said to his wife: "Maria, we have mourned too long. We must not let a memory overshadow our lives and the lives of our children. Trinidad is fifteen years old, Eloisa is fourteen, and Gaudalupe, Lorenzo, and little Maria are growing out of their childhood without having known the meaning of Christmas. We will have this year a festival worthy of the Obispados." The señora, his wife, had consented, though with a sigh, and prepared to perform her duties becomingly as mistress of the house.

Their kinspeople and other friends among the ricos far and near were invited to the dinner and ball, and all preparations had been made for their entertainment. The household took on a new air. The señor seemed to visibly expand as his hospitable instincts revived, and even the sad mother smiled at her children's happy expectations. Trinidad and Eloisa remembered the Christmases they had enjoyed in childhood, and which now they were to resume. The younger children, to whom the old-time observance of the day came as a tradition, were delighted beyond measure, but showed their pleasure in the grave, quiet way of children of their race. Every resource of the hacienda and the wilderness was drawn on for supplies for the occasion. Cattle and sheep were driven in from the ranches, and hunters had been out for weeks before to secure game, and now were returning with their trophies for Christmas. The *ciboleros* from the plains came in with carts loaded down with buffalo and antelope meat. The hunters from the mountains led into the plaza pack-mules loaded with venison and wild turkeys. On the veranda of the tienda was stretched the body of a grizzly-bear, savage and terrible in death, and beside him two black bears. The peons of the rico were to have their own dance, and the master had taken care that nothing was lacking for their enjoyment.

On Christmas Eve, a little before midnight, people and lights were stirring in the court-yard of the great house. A group of dark figures, large and small, muffled in wraps and blankets, and surmounted by *rebozos* and sombreros, stood on the flat roof, looking off to the westward. The air was clear and frosty, and the stars sparkled above. Presently the church bell rang, and instantly bonfires blazed on the nearest hill-tops. The people on the roof watched them silently a few moments, then descended to the court-yard, and took their way in a procession through the great house entrance to the church. A light streamed through the open church door. To it the people came from every side of the plaza, and entering, knelt on the bare earth floor. Hymns were sung by rude, strong, melodious voices of unseen singers in the choir. The black-robed priest, a silhouette against the altar lights, intoned the mass, and from the people in the darkness behind him came devout responses. The benediction was given, the worshippers departed, and the lights went out about the plaza. The blazing bonfires on the outer hills died down to red heaps, from which flames fitfully rose and fell. The Plaza de Obispado returned to slumber, and beneath the winter sky lay merely a darker spot on a dim landscape.

Before daybreak the bell summoned the people to the morning devotions. When matins were over, the people came out of the church into the sunrise of a cloudless day. The early morning was sharp and freezing, but with an hour or two of sunshine the air had become warm and soft. The Mexican laborers, after their breakfast of tortillas, jerked mutton, and hot Chili pepper-sauce, came out-of-doors, and in wide-brimmed hats, and blankets hanging from their shoulders, leaned lazily against the walls, basking in the sun. The rico's family, as they awaited their guests, were a striking group. First in honor, with snowy hair, and pale cheek marked by age, the great-grandmother sat in her easy-chair; and beside her, still handsome and vigorous, with noble Roman features, and hair hardly touched with gray, her daughter, Don Francisco's mother. The don himself was a man in the prime of life, massive of frame and soldierly of carriage. A bristling mustache and imperial set off the firm lips and heavy jaws. His grave, strong face had both a stern and a kindly expression, and his air was of one born to a station of unquestioned domination. The señora, his wife, was in the full prime of the dark beauty for which she had been famous as the Señorita Mascareno, and which gained rather than lost by a habitual sad look that spoke of sorrow long borne and grief unconsoled. About the parents their five handsome children went and came.

As the morning advanced, the plaza resounded with shouts and the firing of guns. The people were all out at the doors and verandas, watching riders who dashed in and out of the plaza, racing and performing feats of horsemanship. Heavy carriages bearing guests for the dinner and ball began to roll up to the great house. The visitors were met at the entrance, welcomed by host and hostess, and taken into the reception-room, where they sat smoking cigarettes rolled in little squares of corn husk. The men talked of the sheep flock on its way to the city of Mexico, the condition of the pasturage, and the prospects of the Indian troubles the coming season. The ladies gossiped prettily and innocently of their children and of absent friends. The children sat quiet and demure, after the manner of Mexican children. Now and then some señorita strummed a guitar and sang a Spanish song.

Trinidad, wearing spurs and riding breeches, came in and spoke in a low tone to his father, who thereupon turned and invited the guests to the roof to see the *galleros*. On the sandy level below, the people had come out of the plaza, and were watching horsemen who rode, one at a time, past a chicken buried to its neck in the sand. Each stooped from his saddle, without checking speed, and strove to seize the fowl. Presently one succeeded, and dashed away with his prize. The others pursued him, seeking to take it from him. After they had practised this sport awhile, a wild bull from the ranch was turned loose, and feats of lassoing and throwing the animal were performed by the vaqueros. In all these exercises young Trinidad excelled in courage and dexterity.

"You had another son who would have made a brave *caballero*," said Don Albino Baca to Señor Obispado. "Poor Margarito."

"I hope it is well with him wherever he is," sadly returned Obispado. "I know not whether it be kind to wish him alive. The mother will not cease to mourn our children, and life to me is not what it was when they were with us."

The ladies presently descended from the roof and met again in the reception-room. The Señora Obispado performed her duties as hostess with becoming grace and dignity. Her pale cheeks had gained color; her care for her guests and the excitement of the day had animated her, and her old friends whispered, "She is the Señorita Mascareno again."

But as noon approached, her face grew wan, the old sad expression returned, and her manner became grave and abstracted. Soon she arose and silently left the room. The company exchanged compassionate and sympathetic glances. No one spoke save one señora, who said, softly, to another, a new guest in the house: "It is her Christmas custom. She goes to pray for her lost children."

"And was it death?" asked the new guest.

"No, not death," was the answer; "they were carried away by the Navajos."

"Oh!" sighed the hearer, pityingly; "that is worse. Poor lady! My heart goes out for her." There was no Mexican woman of those days, whatever her station, to whom in some way the terrors of Indian captivity had not appealed.

"They were captured five years ago," continued the first speaker, "as they were coming from the sheep ranch to the *estancia*. The nurse and coachman were killed. No pursuit could be made in time. The long war followed, and when the treaty was made they could get no tidings of the children. The girl, the Indians said, was dead. The boy had disappeared somehow—lost in war, or sold, or gambled away to some other tribe. After five years, no one hopes for them now save the mother, and her hope survives only to torture her."

The sports of the horsemen had ceased, and the spectators were turning away, when there arose a cry, "Los Indios!" Every one started and looked. A band of horsemen had paused on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande. All the people who were outside the plaza hastened in or took a safe position near the openings. Don Francisco, from the roof, looked doubtfully at the strangers. One of them was waving a flag on a lance. The don's face cleared. He turned to his *mayordomo* Diego Ramirez: "They are Comanches, Diego. Santanta's band perhaps. See, they are signalling us."

"I think so, señor. Yes, they are giving the sign of peace. They wish to cross."

"I wish it had been some other day," said Don Francisco, "when our young men were not drinking *aguardiente*. But let them come on."

At a well-understood signal from Ramirez, the Indians rode into the water. All were finely mounted, and some of them led pack-horses. They crossed the river in single file, a procession of superb riders, set off with feathers, red blankets, uplifted bows, lances glancing, and water splashing in the sunlight.

The Comanches had been for many years friends of the New-Mexicans, and their visit was an amicable one. They rode into the plaza, where Don Francisco met and welcomed them. The Indians had beautifully dressed buffalo-robes, furs, and ponies to exchange for sugar, calico, and tobacco. Leaving the matter of traffic to the *mayordomo*, Don Francisco entertained the chief and principal warriors at his house. The little Plaza Obispado was gay with the bright hues of the Indian blankets and the Mexicans in holiday dress. The musicians who were to furnish music for the dances in the evening were now playing Spanish tunes in front of the tienda. On a clear part of the platform some of the Mexicans were having an extemporized country dance.

There came a sudden interruption. A man gesticulated wildly at the plaza entrance, and all ran to look. On the slope of the nearest foot-hills swift horsemen were seen. A stream of smoke burst from the roof of a remote cabin. A belated freighter returning late for a Christmas at home was lashing his oxen into a run to gain the gateway. A band of Indians were riding hard out from the hills to cut him off. There arose a cry of alarm: "Los Navajos! Los Navajos!" All was sudden commotion. Men dashed into their houses, and reappeared with guns and lances; there was the buckling on of belts, slinging of bullet pouches and powder-horns, and quick saddling of horses. Women caught up their children shrieking, Don Francisco dropped his cigarette and his usual calm air together. He shouted orders to his men as he buckled about him his belt with sword and pistols. His favorite black horse Hermoso was quickly brought to him, and leaping into the saddle, he rode out of the plaza with half a dozen men by him, and half a score in an irregular line behind him, to save the freighter.

The Navajo attack was more serious than they had thought. Dashing out from the cañons of the foot-hills, several bands bore down at top speed upon the freighter, and did not check their approach at the sight of the Mexicans. Don Francisco reached him first, and quickly ranged his men between the man and the Navajos as they came on. Those watching from the plaza saw the first scattered puffs of smoke as the Mexicans began to fire. Indian ponies stopped short, staggered, and fell; the dismounted riders sprang to the cover of rocks and hillocks, and shot their arrows from the shelter. But the Navajos steadily closed in, and through the dust raised by the flying horses it seemed that they were having the best of the encounter. Would they annihilate the party or follow them in, and the Obispado Plaza, which had withstood them two hundred years, fall at last into their hands? There arose a cry from within the walls as Hermoso dashed riderless out of the tumult and galloped back to the plaza.

In the commotion it had not been noticed that the Comanches were holding an earnest discussion among themselves. It had ended by the chief Santanta springing into his saddle, shaking his lance, and riding through the plaza entrance. At his first motion every warrior sprang upward, and settled as lightly as a bird in his saddle, raised his lance, grasped his bow, and followed his chief. As the watchers from the roof of the great house, with blanched cheeks, noted the fortunes of the fight, they saw the Comanches ride swiftly out of the east entrance of the plaza, and with their war-cry dash upon the flank of the Navajos.

There was present need of their help. Don Francisco lay pressed to the ground beneath the dead body of a pony, and a Navajo warrior was rushing upon him with war club raised. There was no help near. Every one of his men had his hands full elsewhere. His pistols were empty, his sword useless. It seemed that his time had come, and he resigned himself to death. Then, above all other sounds, he heard the warwhoop of the Comanches and the trampling of their horses. A young warrior, brightly painted and leading all the rest, whipped his horse upon the Navajo, thrust his lance through his body, and rode him down. Before the don could realize that he was saved, the wild troop of Comanches had engaged the Navajos, drove them back, and the fight had gone beyond him. The Navajo, a mountain Indian and good fighter on his own domain, is on open land no match for the Comanches, who are the best horsemen among the Indian tribes. They made but a moment's stand, and then scattered to gain the cover of the rocky foot-hills. The Comanches did not care to follow them into these their chosen fighting-grounds, and rode back to despatch the wounded and scalp the dead. With six scalps borne on their lances the Comanches rode with the Mexicans back into the plaza. The young warrior who had saved Don Francisco followed the retreat beyond all his comrades, and now came back with a prisoner, a Navajo squaw. Taking the captive with them, the Comanches withdrew to the river-bank, where they prepared to pass the night.

The people of the Plaza de Obispado, accustomed to Indian alarms all their life, saw in the skirmish—now that it had turned out happily—only a new cause of rejoicing. Some of the Mexicans had arrow and lance wounds, fortunately all slight, which, as a badge of valor, they bore with a pride that reconciled them to the pain. The affright of the women and children had quickly changed to the joy of victory. The wounded were cared for, and within the plaza preparations went on as before for the evening merrymaking. The sun had descended nearly to the white peaks of the Sierra Madre. About the plaza women were cooking, and a cheerful glow came from the great adobe ovens in front of the houses. Every one was at home preparing to eat the grand dinner of the year. In the great house the señoras and señoritas were putting on their flowered silk dresses and jewelled ornaments of massive gold for the dinner and ball. Dinner at the great house was served in the middle of the afternoon. A notable company was gathered about the long tables. Ranch, plain, and mountain had contributed to the repast; even the salt, the coffee, and the red wines of Isleta were products of Mexico. All was cooked and served in the Mexican manner, with fiery sauce and seasoning of red Chili peppers. Pitch-pine sticks cracked in the little adobe fireplace in the corner, and before the end of the repast the tall candles which adorned the table had been lighted, and pine knots blazed from niches in the wall to illumine the room.

After dinner, Eloisa, with several of her young guests, obtained permission to go out under escort of Diego and a maid to the Comanche camp. They found the Indians cooking their suppers about camp fires, and preparing for a scalp dance in honor of the victory they had helped to secure. The children came back excited and in tears, and Eloisa ran crying to her mother:

"Oh, mamá! mamá! the Comanches have a Navajo woman, and are to burn her at the stake to-night. Cannot we save her? Won't papa buy her to help Aniceta, who is getting old?"

The mother shuddered. She caressed her daughter, but she had little to say to comfort her. "My dear," she said, sorrowfully, "your father feels sore and hard toward her tribe, and I fear he will do nothing for her. I would forgive and save her, but he will never show mercy."

"But, oh, think, mamá!"—Eloisa was talking on with unusual vehemence—"while we are dancing she will cry and writhe as they burn her with brands and gash her with knives. I shall not hear the guitars and violins for her shrieks." She put her hands to her ears, shuddering as if she already heard them.

The gentle mother hesitated, as if nerving herself for refusal, and then went to the court-yard, where her husband was standing. His face grew stern and hard as she spoke. He answered her in a short, brusque way unusual to him.

"No! I will not lift my hand to save one of Navajo blood. Have you forgotten our captive children, that you ask it?"

His wife turned sadly away. Her submissive silence touched Don Francisco. He had never spoken harshly to her before. As he went moodily to his apartments he saw Eloisa weeping. He thought of his sad, uncomplaining wife who asked so little, and he had refused her one request. What was the life or death of a Navajo girl, so that he made his wife and Eloisa happy on this Christmas night? He came to a sudden resolution: he would gratify her. Calling Trinidad to him, the two crossed the plaza and the sands to the camp of the Comanches.

The Indians sat about their fires painting their faces. Near by stood an upright pole, from which hung the scalps of the Navajos. A stake was fixed in the ground, and near it was a heap of wood and dry rushes. The captive woman sat cross-legged, her wrists and ankles bound tightly with buckskin thongs. The Indians started up at the approach of the father and son, and the chief advanced to meet them. He shook hands with his visitors, and the three sat down in the midst of the group. Don Francisco rolled a cigarette and passed it to the chief, lighted one himself, and for a while they smoked in silence.

"Why does my brother come to us?" the chief at length asked, in a mixed language of Indian and Spanish.

"My wife needs a servant," Don Francisco replied, in the same dialect. "Will you sell me the Navajo woman?"

The chief shook his head. "I have promised her to my men. We shall torture her at our dance to-night."

"Ask them if I may have her."

The chief addressed his warriors, and they talked together, shaking their heads. Señor Obispado made up his mind that his effort was hopeless. He essayed an offer.

"I will give you a fat ox and a skin of aguardiente for her," said Obispado.

The Indians laughed. "You may have her for nothing after our scalp dance," said one.

The chief, who was attached to Señor Obispado, interceded for him with them. After much talking among themselves, the chief said to Obispado:

"The young warrior Sartorello captured her. She is his to dis-

pose of. The ox and the aguardiente will satisfy my men, but you must pay him with a becoming gift. You must give him the horse you rode to-day."

The don drew himself indignantly up. "My Hermoso for an Indian squaw? You are mad!" he exclaimed.

The Navajo woman watched with immovable face, but intent eyes, the discussion in which her fate was involved, ignorant of the words, but gathering the meaning of every look, gesture, and change of expression.

"I will never give you Hermoso," said the don, angrily, and turned to go.

The Navajo woman read her fate in his movement. Her stolid face showed expression for the first time, and her features fell in a look of despairing misery. Trinidad saw that piteous change, and caught his father's hand.

"Look at her, for God's sake!" he cried. "Take pity on her, as Christ, whose day we celebrate, showed us mercy!"

The don looked. The expression of despair on the woman's face—the deeper for her silence—softened his heart. He had meant to leave her to her fate. He now turned to the chief.

"Brother," he said, "the young warrior shall have Hermoso. Take her to the house and get the horse." He walked quickly away, as if afraid of changing his mind.

At a signal from the chief, Sartorello untied the lashings from the girl's ankles, and motioned her to rise and follow him. Trinidad waited to see the girl safe from the hands of the Indians, and with the young warrior and the captive, followed his father to the house. The horse was led out and given to the young Indian, who vaulted on him bareback, and rode away toward the Indian camp.

"Take the girl to the *calaboso*, Manuel," said the don, sharply, to his servant. He felt sore over the loss of Hermoso. He was not fully consoled by the happy smile of Eloisa, who, in her ball dress and shining ornaments, came joyfully to thank him. Even her face became downcast as she saw the beautiful black horse ridden away by an Indian.

Manuel, who was in a hurry to get back to the Christmas merriment among his fellows, was about to lead the Navajo girl roughly away to the square stone prison, which was a part of the establishment. But Eloisa stopped him while she brought bread, meat, and coffee to the prisoner.

The sullen face of the Navajo softened a little as the beautiful girl, with eyes of pity, laid the food before her, and bade her eat. She was hungry, and, her hands having been untied, fell to eating ravenously. But she stopped with her meal half finished. Some emotion was agitating her, which the impassive look of her face did not serve to hide.

For the first time she spoke some words to Eloisa, and pointed toward the foot-hills. Perceiving that she was not understood, she grew excited, and her manner became vehement. She imitated the caressing of a child, and held her hand as if upon the head of one half grown. Manuel became impatient, and was about to drag her away, but Eloisa forbade it.

"Send for Casimiro, the interpreter," she commanded.

"She says," said Casimiro, when he had heard the woman's words, "that she has a child concealed out in the hills, who will die of hunger and cold, or fall into the hands of the Comanches, if we leave her there. We had better see what Don Francisco says."

"She tells me," Casimiro said to the don when he came, "if we take her out into the hills, she will quickly find her child."

"She hopes to give you the slip, I suppose," growled the don. "Still, a half-grown girl is worth saving. But I don't know whom to send."

"I will go, señor," said Casimiro, "with one other man."

"Let me go with him, father," said Trinidad.

"Well, you may try it. Don't go far. Look out for an ambuscade, and watch that the woman does not escape."

"Have no fear of that, señor," said Casimiro, as he carefully retied her hands.

Thoroughly arming themselves, Trinidad and Casimiro started forth on foot, guided by the Indian woman. Guarding her closely, they passed the scene of the afternoon's fight, and went on to a slope covered with rocks and chaparral. Here the woman gave a peculiar call, and repeated it as they moved along the edge of the hill. Presently there came from the thickets a low cry, like that of a bird. The woman changed her note, and immediately there appeared among the rocks a little girl in Navajo garb. She was at first timid, and inclined to retreat, but finally came to the woman, and all turned back to the plaza.

The thin crescent of the new moon lighted the cold desolate landscape, in which the Plaza de Obispado showed as the one spot of light and color. As the party hurried on, the little girl, chilled and hungry, could hardly walk. "Come! come along!" Casimiro repeatedly shouted, pushing and half supporting her as he thrust her before him.

"Ha! what is this?" he cried.

A horseman had approached from behind, the long even tread of his horse unheard in the soft sand, and coming swiftly alongside, stooped, swung the little girl up to his saddle-bow, and was off like the wind. The Navajo woman saw that he was a Comanche warrior, and set up a wail of despair. Casimiro cocked his fusil and threw it to his shoulder, but Trinidad struck it down.

"Fool!" he shouted, "would you kill the Comanches—our friends? And do you not see that is the warrior who rode between my father and the Navajo to-day?"

"That is so, indeed," said Casimiro; "and he is riding Hermoso. But what will Don Francisco say when we tell him the little girl is gone?"

As the young Comanche dashed away he spoke a few sharp words in the Navajo tongue, which seemed to reassure the little girl, who lay wearily and quietly in his arms. He headed straight for the plaza, passing, as far away as possible, the great fire and pole with swinging scalps about which the Comanches were dancing and whooping. Across the plaza he rode without slacking pace, through the great house entrance, into the court-yard. When the foot party, a quarter of an hour after, came to the house, Hermoso stood whinnying in the court-yard as if he had never changed masters. The Comanche and the child had disappeared.

The ball was ready to begin. The guests were in the ballroom. The caballeros swaggered in the glory of their dark jackets and wide slashed trousers, with gay silver trimmings; the señoras and señoritas in mantillas and gayly flowered silks languidly waved their fans, and longed for the dance to begin. The musicians, with harp, violins, and guitars, were playing beautiful Andalusian tunes to entertain the company until the host and hostess should appear to open the ball.

Sartorello had left his horse, and leading the little girl by the hand had crossed the court-yard, with the air of one familiar with the place, and approached the passage leading from the ladies' apartment to the ballroom. Watching a time when no one was passing, they entered the anteroom of the chamber of the Señora Obispado, who, in her jewels and heavy brocaded silks, was about to join her husband. Her Indian maid had given the last touches to her toilet, and had been dismissed. At the last moment an untimely interruption had occurred. In opening a drawer to get her fan a soiled scarf of bright-colored silk lying carefully folded within, brought to her a rush of sad recollections. It was Juanita's scarf, which she had worn on the last morning she had ever seen her. This memento had come back to the parents as if in mockery. A vaquero had picked it up in the path of the flying Indians, and carried it reverently to the mother. She had borne up bravely through the day, but this unexpected reminder brought her back face to face with her grief.

There came to her a vision of a fair morning five years before, when her brave, handsome Margarito, twelve years old, sat beside the driver of the carriage, in which was his little sister Juanita and her nurse. Juanita was looking out of the carriage window grave and demure, but her eyes were dancing with joy at the thought of the ride, and the return home. About her bright face were the folds of the little black rebozo, and round her neck—for the morning was cold—the loving hands of the mother had tied this scarf. Then rose before her the horror of the sight of the carriage overturned; the dead bodies of the servants; the hoofs of the carriage-horses mingled with those of Indian ponies leading to the mountains; their children gone to death or cruel captivity. Unmindful of the gay party awaiting her, remembering only her grief, she sank on her knees and kissed and wept over the forlorn memento as if her heart would break.

With a great struggle she regained her composure, and with a heavy heart arose, and turned to pass into the ballroom. At the door, to her surprise, she confronted two Indians—a young warrior and a Navajo girl. She looked in amazement at the intrusion, and was about to call out for her husband. But something, she knew not what, held her still. There was rising from her heart to her understanding a strange feeling of recollection, a sense of familiarity in the forms before her. She stood looking with wide-open eyes like one in a dream, seeing everything and seeing nothing at the same time. She did not heed that the young Indian reached past her and took the bright scarf from the drawer. He caught up her mantilla from the floor where it had fallen. He flung the mantilla about the little girl, tied the scarf about her neck, and—blessed miracle!—the lost daughter stood before her. The mother had passed the power of astonishment. With a great cry of love and of longing, she sprang to her daughter, and with the cry "Juanita! Juanita mia!" caught her to her heart with sobs and kisses.

The impassiveness in the young Comanche's face was gone; the hard, furtive Indian look left his eyes. He had washed the paint from his face, and despite his savage dress it was a handsome Mexican youth who was regarding her, and his smile was the smile of the Obispados. "Madre mia!" he said, and the voice was Margarito's.

Still holding the little girl, she gazed at him like one in a trance, and with one great cry, "Oh, blessed dream! let me never awake," faltered and fell into his arms, crying, "Margarito!"

Don Francisco's tread was unheard as he came to conduct his wife to the ballroom. He now stood at the door, looking in amazement unutterable at the scene. He heard the mother's cry, "My Margarito!" The swarthy cheek of the stout-hearted don paled, his knees shook, and, with cold and trembling hands extended, he came to his children. Pattering down the passage were the feet of Eloisa and the younger children, and behind her Trinidad was hurrying shamefaced to tell his father of the loss of the little Navajo girl. What words are adequate to describe a meeting like this?

When, in wonder at the delay, the relatives and nearer friends of the household came upon the scene, they saw reunited the family of Obispado. The gift of Christmas to the household had been the lost children. In the happy surprises of that day the world over, what could surpass that which was given in this oasis of the desert, the meeting-place of the civilization of the Old and the savagery of the New World? What thankfulness could be more heartfelt than that which filled the swelling hearts in the Plaza de Obispado?

The ball went on, though the señora did not appear. She sat with her children in her room, happy beyond the power of speech to express. The sound of the wild music filled the great house as the guests whirled to Andalusian airs in the Spanish waltz. The good news travelled fast, and across the plaza the merriment of the fandango in the laborers' quarters was the noisier for the joyous news from the great house. The whoops and yells of the Comanches without the wall mingled with the shouts in the plaza, as if they too were moved to add to the rejoicing.

It was Christmas indeed in the Plaza de Obispado. In its celebrations of the centuries, what day had there been to compare with this? It had opened with a shadow, but when on the morrow the dancers went forth from the ballroom to the morning mass, the clear dawn was not more bright and cloudless than the peace and content which had descended like a benediction upon the great house of the hacienda.

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

When the British occupied New Amsterdam there was a deal of wrath felt and manifested by the Dutch burgomasters and schepens. These old settlers, kin as they were of doughty Admiral Tromp, had very little stomach for fighting with the English. Their shrewdness is proverbial, and it was never shown to better advantage than when they declined to go to war for their fruitful possessions in the New World. They gave up their trade at Windsor to the Yankees, and they surrendered the fort at the Battery to Colonel Nicolls in 1664, because they knew that their settlement of 10,000 people could not possibly contend with the English that were swarming through the forests of New England, and were creeping up the shores of Long Island to the little village of Breukelen. So they said good-by to Stuyvesant's army, and kept their farms, their houses, and their trade with the world. But when the good men gathered in their taverns, when the day's guilders were counted, and the shutters were put up, over their long clay pipes and home-brewed ale, or rum fresh from the West Indies, they grunted their rage in good Dutch fashion. They did not like the manners of the invaders. They did not like the new Church which the English Governors undertook to set up over their ancient tabernacle, nor the new rectors. The English changed the names of the streets, and the red coats and fine laces of the gentlemen who came with one after another of the Duke of York's representatives put to shame the honest brown homespun and the baggy breeches of the Dutch tradesmen and mechanics.

Notwithstanding all this, the Dutch were destined to have a fine revenge. The English changed the names of the province of New Netherlands and the city of New Amsterdam, and called them both New York, but they could not at once change the spirit of the pleasant town. The Dutch held on to their possessions—all but their fair daughters, many of whom were captured by the dashing red-coated British officers, only the more effectually to stamp upon coming generations the traits and features of their New Amsterdam ancestry. In a very mild and peaceful way it was like the story of the Normans and the English. There was no Dutch Hereward, it is true, to contend against the conqueror until a woman should make him faithless to his Torfrida and his race, but the men who won with arms were overcome by the unconquerable pertinacity of the genial customs of the vanquished. The English Governor and the English priest made little change in the manners of the town.

Here is a fine gallant to whom Mr. de Thulstrup introduces us—perhaps a veritable officer of the Household Troops, or of the Queen's Royal or the Coldstream Guards. Or he may be only one of the gentlemen of the Household Troops, for even the privates of those favored bands were gentlemen, and were invariably addressed as such by the king and their officers. The standing army of Great Britain was very young in those days, and had not yet won the respect of the world, as it did when William III. commanded it, or, later still, when the great Marlborough was at its head. At home it was regarded jealously, and in peace-abiding, thrift-loving New Amsterdam it was detested. Later in the century, when Albany and the northern frontier were menaced by the Indians, these same red-coated and belaced gentlemen were to win the warm gratitude of the tradesmen whom they protected from the spoilers. But when they first reached these pleasant shores they were anything but welcome to the industrious first settlers.

The fair-haired Dutch maiden has captured the brave gentleman, who has laid aside the sword of war and taken the staff of peace. The Dutch room has no carpet nor any sideboard. Some years were to roll by before Captain Kidd added the first carpet of the province to the splendors of his house in Queen (now Liberty) Street. There are the sanded floor, the quaint Dutch cupboard with its fine display of china, the hard settle, and mayhap, if the head of the family is rich, a few high-backed leather chairs, and the long-bodied, moon-faced clock in the corner. There is, above all else in the eyes of the British conqueror of men and slave of women, the fair-haired daughter of the house, whose housewifely charms are just now subordinate to those over which time will exercise more power. The frowning father, however, thinks of everything; sees the idle soldier living on his bounty, spending his hard-earned stivers in the coffee-houses affected by the hostile English folk. He knows how much domestic linen is in the chest of drawers, and he naturally is desirous that this store of wealth shall comfort the heart of some Dutch lad who has somewhat more than fine feathers and an enchanting manner to give in return, who does a day's work in his shop before he smokes his pipe and drinks his glass in the tavern, or who perhaps wears the leather apron of the honest and independent mechanic, such as is tied about the portly paunch of the wrathful old man in the picture.

Notwithstanding parental opposition, which was perhaps no stronger and more determined than that which is manifested by all good fathers of dutiful daughters, the Dutch maidens of New Amsterdam very often wedded the British officers of New York, and in that way made the occupation of the city very much milder and of less moment than it might have been if open social hostilities had been indulged in.

For many generations, even until the character of the city was to be changed by further invasions from Europe and from New England, New York was to be Dutch. Within the memory of men who are not to be counted among the oldest generations in the field of activity, old Dutch customs prevailed, and some of them still linger, reminders not only of the tough vitality of the old settlers, but of the invincibility of good-nature, of genial hospitality, of the gentler pleasures. New York's patron saint is Nicholas, and the children for more than two hundred years have loved the legend of Santa Claus and his gift-laden sleigh drawn by the reindeer team. Christmas fun and jollity find very much the same expression throughout the Teutonic world, but from the remote past until very recently New York was Dutch wherever there are differences between the Dutch and English customs. Its people have kept up the old Dutch practice of turkey shooting on Christmas Day, and when the New England Thanksgiving came in, the New York boys, especially the firemen, deeming their ancestors' methods of passing a holiday to be best, sewed gilt stripes on their black trousers, donned their red shirts, shouldered their muskets, and marched out to a shooting; only on this festal occasion they substituted targets for turkeys. The old rustic sports that made the boweries gay at times have followed a contagious example and gone further north. Just as polite society has moved uptown from Bowling Green, Greenwich Village, Bleecker Street, and the other centres of fashion one after the other, so the house-raisings, the huskings, and the bees have fled up the river. But there are other customs that continue to linger in the old town. Easter-eggs are still colored after the Dutch fashion. And there is the crown of all festivities in its distinctiveness—the New-Year's celebration. It is not more than thirty years since the citizens of New York set forth groaning tables laden with turkeys, hams, pickled oysters, and piles of sweets for their guests of the first day of the year. Eating and drinking were chief among the pleasures of the Dutch, and here the English met them on equal terms. The kindly hospitality of New-Year's Day lingers on in a moribund condition. It has been destroyed by the vulgar abuse of those who could not appreciate its spirit.

If Diedrich Knickerbocker, instead of stopping his pleasant tale with the surrender of the hard-headed Peter Stuyvesant, had set down in his veracious history all that he knew, he would have told some such story of the British conquest and occupation as has been here suggested. When he stopped, the Dutchmen were still looking at the British beef-fed warriors marching through the streets, having nailed up their doors and windows "to protect their vrows from these fierce barbarians." How bitterly the invader was detested is thus told by our famous historian: "The inhabitants, according to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet possession of their property; but so inveterately did they retain their abhorrence of the British nation that in a private meeting of the leading citizens it was unanimously determined never to ask any of their conquerors to dinner." No more cruel revenge, no severer blow, could possibly spring from the imagination of a Dutchman. But, notwithstanding all this apparently abundant precaution, the Englishman got into the house, and was the bridegroom at many a Dutch wedding feast. And after him came that other Englishman, the Yankee, of whom Mr. Knickerbocker said: "And much does it grieve me in modern days to see them [the Dutch] elbowed aside by foreign invaders, and more especially by those ingenious people, 'the sons of the Pilgrims,' who out-bargain them in the market, out-speculate them on the Exchange, out-top them in fortune, and run up mushroom palaces so high that the tallest Dutch family mansion has not wind enough left for its weather-cock."

So the Dutch did not successfully shut their doors against the British, nor even against the "Platter-Breeches" from New England. The invaders came and had their way, made the habits of trade brisker and sharper, quickened the town's commercial pulses year after year, until now there is little time, and perhaps little taste, for many of the pleasures that delighted the lives and softened the manners of our ancestors. The industry of the burghers was of an easy-going kind which ended its labors with the declining sun, and their thrift was not cursed with the nervousness of speculation. It has taken many years, and the invasion of an immense number of foreigners, to compass the ills of which unhappy Mr. Knickerbocker complained; and for the long continuance of Dutch blessings, and for the lasting impress of that large and generous good-nature which even now remains, distinguishing the town from many of its critical and exacting neighbors, we have to thank the comely maidens of the conquered race, who yielded to the persuasions of those against whom their fathers barred the doors, who became the mothers of a goodly city, and who impressed upon the children of many generations their own strong characters and genial natures. The fathers lost the Dutch government; the daughters defended and saved the Dutch traditions.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

"THRUST HIS LANCE THROUGH HIS BODY AND RODE HIM DOWN."—[SEE STORY "CHRISTMAS AT THE HACIENDA," PAGE 978.]

1. From the Corner of Willow Street and Central Avenue, looking into Central Square. 2. The Ruins at Night, looking down Spring Street from Mount Vernon Street.

THE CITY OF LYNN AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER 26.—DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 974.]

THE WHISPERING LUTE.

O'er David's couch, as old tradition says,
There hung a lute, tuned ever to God's praise.
And when, upon the passing of the night,
The soft wind whispered toward the gates of light,
The lute filled all the chamber of the king
With its melodious murmuring.

Then woke the royal singer, and with head
Half raised, as if he heard an angel's tread,
Listened, until, his poet soul on fire,
He caught with eager, yearning hands the lyre,
And sang the songs the world's heart sings again—
Inspired outpourings of the souls of men.

So, o'er our heads, new-dawning truth abroad,
The whispering lutes sing sweeter thoughts of God!
O poet, whom the world has waited long,
Come, smite the murmuring harp-strings clear and strong!
Come, thou new seer, who shalt rise, and sing
This day's evangel of thy God and King!

James Buckham.

PERFECTLY FIENDISH.

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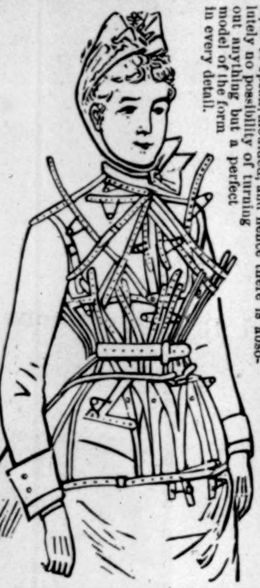

This fitting process scarcely occupies more than five minutes, and perhaps another five minutes will be consumed in trying on the lining a few days later. The process is tantamount to enveloping the lady in a plaster cast, in which the waist is, so to speak, moulded, and hence there is absolutely no possibility of turning out anything but a perfect model of the form in every detail.

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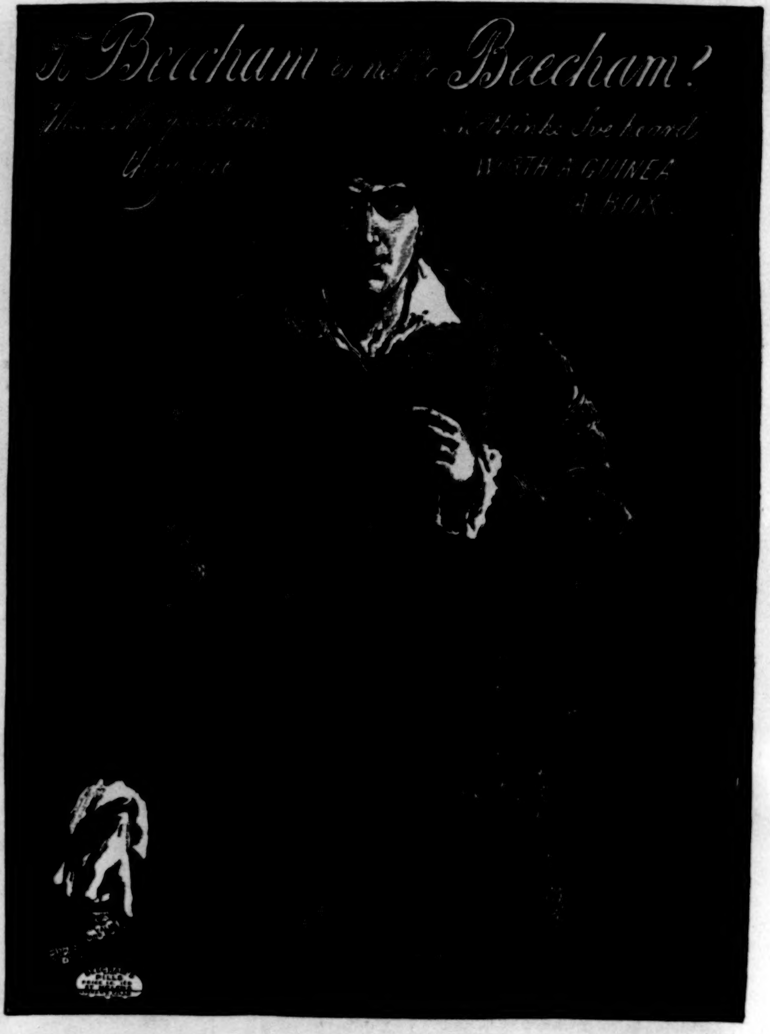

If we are all actors in the great life drama, every part of our physical organism should be at all times in such a condition as to be able to play well its part. If you have Sick-Headache or Indigestion, if the Liver is out of order or the Stomach is unable to perform its function, the services of the prompter must be secured. A prompter is very little seen but very necessary always. So is it with that greatest of all health prompters, Beecham's Pills. When needed they act like magic and soon the play goes smoothly which was all awry. For sale by Druggists generally. Price 25 cents per Box.

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THE FOLLOWING TABLE SHOWS THE AMOUNT OF INSURANCE IN FORCE, AMOUNT WRITTEN, AMOUNT OF DEATH CLAIMS, AMOUNT OF EXPENSES, AND AMOUNT OF TOTAL INCOME EACH YEAR FROM 1859 TO 1888, INCLUSIVE, AND THE ACTUAL COST, BOTH AS TO DEATH LOSSES AND EXPENSES—THESE COSTS COMPARED WITH THE LEVEL-PREMIUM RECEIPTS FOR EACH $1000 OF INSURANCE IN FORCE AT THE END OF EACH YEAR, OF

All the old system level-premium Life Insurance Companies doing business in the State of New York for the past thirty (30) years and reporting to the Insurance Department of that State.

YEARS.	Total Amount of Insurance in Force at End of Each Year.	Total Amount of New Business Written Each Year.	Total Amount INCOME Each Year.	Total Amount of DEATH CLAIMS Each Year.	Total Amount of EXPENSES Each Year.	NATURAL PREMIUM or Total Death Loss to Each $1000 of Insurance in Force for Each Year.	Total Expense upon Each $1000 in Force at End of Each Year.	Average Amount of Income for Each $1000 in Force Each Year.
1859....	*$132,740,738	*$132,740,738	*$4,774,587	*$1,197,583	*$491,710	† $9 02	‡ $3 70	‖ $35 97
1860....	163,703,455	30,539,341	5,998,140	1,133,001	817,679	6 37	4 99	36 64
1861....	164,256,053	25,369,519	6,292,417	1,139,889	829,601	6 94	5 57	38 30
1862....	183,962,577	37,348,422	7,440,491	1,271,024	1,012,212	6 91	5 50	40 49
1863....	267,658,678	81,197,675	10,624,986	1,799,886	1,735,843	6 73	6 49	41 24
1864....	395,703,055	155,803,897	16,163,138	3,170,409	2,605,941	8 01	6 59	40 84
1865....	580,882,253	245,427,057	24,897,019	4,233,287	4,343,123	7 29	7 48	42 86
1866....	805,105,878	404,510,474	40,375,666	4,982,290	6,989,454	6 19	8 68	50 15
1867....	1,161,729,776	471,611,744	56,482,004	8,343,322	9,819,012	7 18	8 46	48 62
1868....	1,528,984,685	679,657,371	77,392,158	9,908,357	14,831,104	6 48	9 70	56 62
1869....	1,836,617,820	614,762,420	98,507,319	15,120,191	17,885,501	8 23	9 74	53 63
1870....	2,023,884,955	587,863,236	105,026,149	20,065,099	19,671,870	9 92	9 72	51 89
1871....	2,101,461,834	488,665,022	113,491,562	22,733,536	18,950,847	10 81	9 02	54 06
1872....	2,114,742,591	489,924,857	117,306,029	25,380,601	18,534,869	12 00	8 80	55 42
1873....	2,086,027,178	465,614,001	118,396,502	24,917,196	17,661,182	11 94	8 42	56 79
1874....	1,997,236,230	351,803,670	115,732,714	22,720,378	16,363,500	11 40	8 20	57 94
1875....	1,922,043,146	299,276,337	108,645,084	24,988,434	14,492,657	13 00	7 48	56 53
1876....	1,735,995,190	222,665,485	96,358,584	21,185,429	13,508,829	12 20	7 79	55 50
1877....	1,556,105,323	178,283,617	86,162,144	19,408,315	13,684,350	12 47	8 79	55 37
1878....	1,480,921,223	156,501,129	80,462,990	20,138,126	11,341,392	13 59	7 60	54 33
1879....	1,439,961,165	167,865,390	76,174,954	20,284,347	10,893,197	14 01	7 57	52 83
1880....	1,475,995,172	187,504,256	75,931,100	21,444,339	12,713,468	14 53	8 61	51 45
1881....	1,539,848,581	222,582,483	79,407,847	22,565,252	13,120,857	14 65	8 53	51 59
1882....	1,637,648,872	257,517,216	85,070,134	22,405,101	13,605,289	13 73	8 31	51 95
1883....	1,763,730,115	308,064,893	92,562,764	24,689,107	15,593,961	13 99	8 98	51 81
1884....	1,870,728,059	321,310,170	96,974,376	24,871,875	18,482,526	13 30	9 89	51 84
1885....	2,023,517,488	378,214,523	105,527,865	28,194,990	19,040,797	13 95	9 40	52 15
1886....	2,222,413,050	448,514,242	116,961,315	29,234,271	21,391,042	13 15	9 62	52 63
1887....	2,474,507,120	531,170,783	130,657,526	32,733,282	25,353,732	13 22	10 20	52 80
1888....	2,761,577,128	631,731,701	147,024,431	37,358,100	29,239,785	13 19	10 59	53 24
		$9,574,041,669	$2,292,074,418	$517,802,967	$385,005,330	$10 81	$8 14	$49 98

* Massachusetts Report on Companies doing business in Massachusetts in 1859.

Total Income received since 1858 (30 years)............	$2,292,074,418 00
Total Death Claims (paid or unpaid) since 1858............	517,802,967 00
Total Expenses since 1858............	385,005,330 00
Average amount of Death Claims each year per $1000 of Insurance in force for 30 years............	10 81
Average Premium Income per year for $1000 of Insurance in force for 30 years............	49 98
Average Excess of Income each year over Death Losses on each $1000 of Insurance in force............	39 18

† This column shows the Actual Yearly Cost for each $1000 of Insurance in force or actual premium required to pay all Death Losses, at all ages, for 30 years, and includes the cost in companies which have done business for more than 50 years.

‡ This column shows the Average Yearly Expense incurred by the Level-Premium Companies upon each $1000 of Insurance in force.

‖ The last column shows the Average Amount of Income received on each $1000 of Insurance in force, and is inserted for comparison with the Death Losses and Expenses per $1000.

Attention is called to the fact that the largest sum collected by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in any single year, which includes the amount required to provide for the death claims, expenses, and the reserve fund, was but $16 01 for each $1000 of insurance exposed or carried, and during that year the association paid its death claims, paid its expenses, and added to its surplus reserve fund more than $500,000 00, while during the same year, 1888, the old system Level-Premium Companies collected $53 24 on each $1000 insurance exposed or carried by them.

The question naturally arising is, that if the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association can add to its surplus account one-half a million dollars in a single year, pay its death claims, provide for its expenses, and only collect from the members, old and young, but $16 01 per thousand, why was it necessary for the old system companies to collect three and one-half times this amount, or $53 24 for each $1000 of insurance exposed and carried by them, especially so when an examination of their mortality for 1888 shows that it required but $13 19 to be paid for death claims on each $1000 of insurance exposed, while ten years before (in 1878) their mortality was $14 01 for each $1000 insurance exposed, showing a decrease in place of the pretended increase by reason of increase of the age of the companies? The receipts by the old system companies in 1888 from members being four times greater than their death claims, one would imagine that the time had arrived when a change should be demanded by the people by which the income of the old system companies should harmonize more closely with the outgo for death claims from year to year.

Total Amount of Insurance written by ALL COMPANIES reporting to New York Department	**$9,574,041,669 00**
Total Amount of Insurance in Force December 31, 1888	**2,761,577,128 00**
Total Amount lost by Lapse, Defection, Death, Maturity, and Failure of Companies	**$6,812,464,541 00**
Percentage of Terminations to Total Amount of Insurance written	**71, 1-10**
Total Amount of Death Losses in ALL THE COMPANIES reporting to the New York Insurance Department .	**$517,802,967 00**
Percentage of Death Losses to Total Amount of Insurance written	**5, 4-10**

A single payment of $54 per $1000 by each member upon each $1000 written would have paid the entire Death Losses of all the Companies from 1859 to 1888, inclusive.

All of the insurance issued by all of the Level-Premium Life Insurance Companies had already terminated at the expiration of thirty years, with the exception of twenty-nine per cent., and but five and one-half per cent. had terminated by death.

MORAL—SECURE YOUR LIFE INSURANCE, UPON THE NATURAL-PREMIUM PLAN, IN

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION,

which continues to furnish Life Insurance at about one-half (½) the usual rates charged by the old system companies.

It is able to furnish Life Insurance at about ONE-HALF the usual rates because it collects each year in addition to a small emergency fund only the amount required to pay the death claims and legitimate expenses.

It has already paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members more than seven million dollars in cash.

It has already saved to its living members by reducing the rates of Life Insurance; said saving exceeds Twenty Million Dollars in cash.

In addition to reducing the rates to less than one-half the amount charged by the old system companies, its cash surplus accumulations equal a dividend of more than thirty per cent. upon the total mortuary premiums paid by members of five years' standing.

Which thirty per cent. dividend is payable at the expiration of fifteen years from date of membership.

It has a Cash Surplus Reserve Emergency Fund exceeding two million three hundred thousand dollars, with assets exceeding three million dollars.

It has more than fifty-five thousand members; more than fifty-five thousand homes are provided for through its policies of insurance. It has more than one hundred and seventy-five million dollars of insurance in force.

It is transacting business in all of the healthy sections of our country, as well as England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, and Sweden.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association advances money to the widows and orphans within twenty-four (24) hours after the death of its members.

It is the greatest financial success ever known in the history of Life Insurance. Write for full particulars.

E. B. HARPER, President.

Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

O. D. Baldwin, Vice-President.
N. W. Bloss, Second Vice-President.
Henry J. Reinmund, Comptroller and Treasurer, late Superintendent of Insurance, State of Ohio.
Samuel A. Robinson, M.D., Chairman Finance Committee.
Charles R. Bissell, Chairman Directors' Death Claim Committee.
F. T. Braman, Secretary.
Central Trust Company of New York, Trustee Reserve Funds.
The American Loan and Trust Company of New York, Trustee Surplus Emergency Fund.

THE LATE GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—[See Page 985, Supplement.]

"WHO BUT MUST LAUGH?"

Among people unacquainted with life in Wall Street, as well as among those who know of its operations by hearsay or superficially, the opinion is generally held that it is a place where money is easily made, and occasionally quite as easily lost; where questionable methods of winning fortunes are frequently employed and go unrebuked. Noting this last simply to assert that the standard of business morality is quite as high in Wall Street as elsewhere, we hasten to assure those who fortunately may not have made the experiment that the making of money in Wall Street—that is, by speculation—is very serious business. The longer one tries it, the more serious it becomes. Every dollar that ninety-nine per cent. of the people who speculate in stocks succeed in making, they earn. The earning may not produce time-honored moisture upon the face, but it is nevertheless attended by much labor—labor that knits the brow, puzzles the mind, and very often pulls hard upon the heartstrings.

From the very nature of its work the prevailing tone in Wall Street is serious. The boy who begins his business life there at once accepts grave responsibilities. He is burdened with wealth, the property of others; and, above all, he must be attentive, alert, and accurate in every detail. The cultivation of these traits in the average lad of fourteen is no easy task, especially for the pupil. The serious side of this sort of life widens with years, if the pace and the sordidness of the surroundings do not kill ambition, and precipitate the victim into a state of dejected resignation. Wall Street turns quickly from all these sombre phases of its existence to laugh. Its needs, in fact, craves the reaction. The tension must be relaxed now and then, or there would be little hope for those who are forever spurring themselves. What does Wall Street find to laugh at? Rarely at itself, because it cannot see itself as others do, nor perceive its own ludicrous foibles. Wall Street has always laughed most heartily at its own wits. In the distribution of those comparatively few genial souls whose entire duty to their fellows seems to be discharged by the smiles they provoke, Providence has been liberal to Wall Street. At the moment, however, there is a hiatus in the blessing, for the Stock Exchange community is without a single member worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with the late lamented W. R. Travers or "Larry" Jerome. Lesser lights, too, have been extinguished, either by death or adversity, so that the fun of Wall Street, like its business, has been narrowed down in a most melancholy manner. But human nature is the same in its precincts that it ever has been, and certain of its manifestations are well worth noting.

In the first place, it is to be noted that there is a touch of humor in the very character of the speculation on the Stock Exchange. Imagine for a moment a person buying a horse, a house, or a piano off hand, and for which he has no use, simply because some one whispers to him that the market price of horses, of houses, or of pianos is going to advance forthwith! You will involuntarily exclaim that the friends of such a person should promptly take his body and estate in hand under process of law. Yet hundreds of men are making precisely similar transactions every day on the Stock Exchange. Except in the most general and casual way, they care nothing for the merit or demerit of the securities they buy or sell. The majority of them would feel very much aggrieved if you should venture to tell them this, but their protestations would not alter the fact. That majority buys or sells, as the case may be, because each individual believes or hopes that others will soon be induced to act upon the same considerations that influence him. He risks thousands of dollars upon a sentiment that may vanish in a second, or upon possibilities of the real value of which he is ignorant. Of course there are those who study the general business outlook very carefully, and many who arrive at sound conclusions regarding the future of prices upon the Stock Exchange, but it is rarely that even such a one reaps the reward of his foresight and judgment. Why? Because every one of them is swayed by the sentiment of the hour, by the incidents of to-day that so frequently are at variance with the real tendency of events, and by the thousand and one hints, points, and confidences that almost invariably side-track those who listen to them.

From this reference to the wide divergence between actual business and a large proportion of the ventures made on the Stock Exchange, we come naturally to the susceptibility and credulity of the people who make them. With all respect to the keenness of Wall Street, and with reluctance in attacking a popular tradition in its favor, candor compels the assertion that there is nothing too absurd for Wall Street to believe. It may not incorporate its erroneous beliefs in its creed, but it is safe to say that no report or rumor ever put in circulation in Wall Street was without some effect upon prices. The very sensitiveness of the fortune-hunters renders them an easy prey to the most malicious as well as the most audacious rumor-monger. If the reason for that sensitiveness were looked for, it would doubtless be found in a conviction of which few are conscious, yet which all may discover upon analysis, that their hopes of fortune are not based upon business principles, but upon "points," upon deductions from premises that may be all wrong, and finally upon their own credulity. Probably Mr. Jay Gould has utilized that trait in others more successfully than any one that has had to do with the street in a large way. He has been charged with deception. His skill consists in letting people deceive themselves, and he does it in a way that compels admiration, and would, if his methods were better understood, win him an exalted place among American humorists. It is not what Mr. Gould tells people that causes them to sometimes regret their acquaintance with him, but what they infer from their conversations with him. The best example of his work in this line was in the early part of 1884. He was the object of a good many attacks in the market, the most serious one of which credited him with heavy sales of the securities he was known to be most largely interested in. Forthwith he invited three or four of his most intimate associates to take a look at his securities. They accepted, and for two or three days the newspapers fairly teemed with accounts of the great amounts of securities that his tin boxes contained. Wall Street was apparently convinced that Mr. Gould was a bull on the situation, and that he was not a seller of stocks. The first inference was a fair enough one, since it was based upon his large ownership of securities, but the last was unwarranted. Still only two people of any prominence seemed to grasp the situation rightly. One operator who has outlived many of his generation remarked, laconically, of the exhibit, "So much the more to sell," while another astute member of the Stock Exchange has contended ever since that Mr. Gould can never use his tin boxes as a bull card again until he can show them empty. This view has gradually been making headway in the street.

Perhaps Mr. Gould never appeared at better advantage as a humorist than when he related to a legislative committee how he had built the Union Pacific Company up until it was able to pay dividends, and in consequence the number of stockholders had increased from thirty or forty to 6000 or 7000, many of whom, he added, were widows and orphans. The time those widows and orphans have had since he unloaded upon them and left others to build up the property again is not suggestive of merriment. The transition from Mr. Gould's exploits to the grim humor of his most intimate associate, the Hon. Russell Sage, is natural. Mr. Sage is a philosopher, and he is also an economist in the literal sense of the word. The street has poked fun at him on this last account from time immemorial. He accepts it all in a spirit that proves he is entitled to the distinction we have accorded him first. Mr. Sage's good-nature is sometimes impulsive. He was once relating to a couple of friends the financial misfortunes that had overtaken a corporation in which he was largely interested, and concluded, apologetically, "But poverty is no crime."

A newspaper skit relates that a father informs his wife and daughter that a "pointer" to buy a certain stock was given to a prospective son-in-law by the Hon. Russell Sage, and that the stock has gone down out of sight. "And he is ruined?" gasps the fiancée. "Oh no!" says the father, proudly; "he 'coppered' the old man." It should be noted that none of this irreverence seems to annoy Mr. Sage. He has outlived in years and in pocket several generations—for a generation in Wall Street is not a very long time—of scoffers. They have had their fun at his expense—not in a financial sense—and dropped down out of sight; but he is still there, and the coins they have ceased playing with continue, as of old, to flow clinking into his ample and well-filled coffers.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, Saturday, *November* 30, 1889.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

The Safe-Deposit and Registering Bank. See advertisement on third-cover page.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

To be Happy Play "Halma."

This truly fascinating and charming game well deserves its universal popularity.

"Halma" entertains the young and old alike, and can be learned in five minutes.

The Rev. Howard Crosby, LL.D., says:

"'Halma' is a very favorite game in my family. It creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving."

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

Cornell's Benzoin Soap.—Best skin and complexion soap in the world. All druggists. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists. —[*Adv.*]

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

SOLID SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS.

In the sale of solid silver forks and spoons this house endeavors to offer advantages which no intending buyer can afford to overlook.

The patterns are such as meet the present advancing taste for purer outlines and more consistent, and less ambitious, decoration. They are artistic without in any degree losing their character of practical fitness for use. Patterns crowded with over-refined, highly elaborated decoration are avoided, in the belief that such decoration, though it may be beautiful in itself, does not find its proper field in objects of this class.

Great regard is paid to the perfect finish of all work. This is a point in which buyers are, as a rule, not sufficiently discriminative. Some dies are much better cut than others, and produce far better, clearer work. In all these matters we pay strict attention to the niceties of detail that are necessary to a perfect result.

Prices are at a fixed rate per ounce for any number of pieces, from one half dozen upward. This, in connection with the further fact that the same patterns may be obtained at any future date, enables buyers to form complete sets gradually, by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

A clear statement of weights, by which buyers may know exactly what they are getting for their money. Good weights, that supply metal enough to insure the stiffness and durability of the articles, are recommended in all cases. Cheapness, secured by light weights in the beginning, is dearness in the end.

The engraving of initials is done with special care in the most artistic style. It is without charge when consisting of not more than three letters on each piece.

Full size photographic illustrations of fifteen patterns, with statements of weights and prices, will be sent on application. Orders from a distance for any number of pieces, from a single teaspoon to a full outfit chest, will be attended to with care.—Theodore B. Starr, 206 Fifth Avenue, fronting Madison Square, 1126 Broadway, between 25th and 26th Streets, New York. —[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

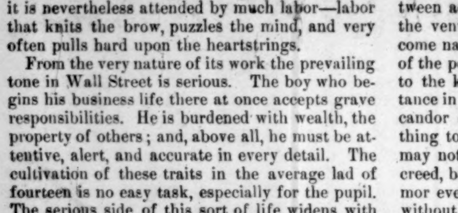
A leading New York chemist says: "Every nursing woman should use Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It has no equal in the market." It can be obtained of your grocer or druggist.—[*Adv.*]

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.—[*Adv.*]

THE KODAK CAMERA.

"You press the button, - - - - - - - - - - - we do the rest."

OR YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF.



The only camera that anybody can use without instructions. As convenient to carry as an ordinary field-glass. World-wide success.

The Kodak is for sale by all Photo stock dealers. Send for the Primer, free.

Price, No. 1 Kodak, $25.00—Loaded for 100 Pictures, 2½ in. diam. Reloading with new transparent film, $2.50.

Price, No. 2 Kodak, $32.50—Loaded for 60 Pictures, 3½ in. diam. Reloading, $2.50.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GEORGE HUNT PENDLETON.

Mr. George H. Pendleton, formerly Minister to Germany, died at Brussels on Sunday night, November 24th. Mr. Pendleton had been ill for some time, but his illness did not take a serious form until a month before his death, when he was on his way home, in company with his son, Mr. Frank Pendleton, and his two daughters. He had reached Brussels, on his way from Hamburg. In the course of ten days he had so far recovered that the physicians thought that his son could safely leave him, and that the ex-Minister could resume his journey by the middle of December.

Mr. Pendleton was born in Cincinnati, July 19, 1825. For more than a quarter of a century he was a prominent member of the Democratic party. He came of good Revolutionary stock; his grandfather, Major Nathaniel Pendleton, a Virginian, was Adjutant-General and aide of General Nathaniel Greene during the war, and afterward United States Judge in Georgia. He was a friend of Alexander Hamilton, and his second in the duel with Aaron Burr.

Mr. George H. Pendleton was educated at the University of Heidelberg, and was admitted to the bar a few years after his return home. His first appearance in public life was as State Senator of Ohio in 1853. In 1856 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and served continuously in that body until 1865. In 1864 he had become so much a leader in the Democratic party that he ran for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General McClellan. In 1868 he was one of the leading candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, coming within 2½ votes of attaining that honor. He was then noted chiefly for his advocacy of the scheme for the payment of the bonds in greenbacks. In 1869 he was candidate for Governor of Ohio, but was defeated. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1878. His most valuable service there was in procuring the passage of the present civil service law. It was because of his advocacy of this measure that he was defeated for re-election. Mr. Cleveland appointed him Minister to Germany immediately after his inauguration in 1885. Throughout his life he was distinguished for his uniform courtesy and address, and he was known among his friends as "Gentleman George." Mr. Pendleton married Alice, the daughter of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the Cuticura Remedies are infallible.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepaid by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap.

Kidney Pains, Backache, and Weakness cured by Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword.

Before selecting your

Holiday Presents,

or

If you use or have any interest in Fountain Pens, send for a circular to

L. E. Waterman Co.,

No. 155 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mention Harper's Weekly.

(12, '89.)

"I find it the most satisfactory instrument of its kind."—**Chauncey M. Depew,** Pres't N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75¢ **GUNS** WATCHES, CLOCKS, ETC. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DO NOT BUY FLORIDA

Land, Orange Groves, Transportation tickets, Books, Maps, or engage Winter board until you send stamp for full information to O. M. Crosby, 99 Franklin St., N.Y.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Light Sweet Wholesome Bread

Delicious Pastry

A Cream of Tartar Powder. Found Superior to all others in Strength and Leavening Power.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

THE

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society

issues a new policy

which

is a simple

PROMISE TO PAY.

An Acceptable

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

OUR "EUREKA" OUTFIT

at $7.50, or one of the "CHAMPION" Equipments from $10.00 upwards.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Photographic Instruments and Supplies,

591 Broadway, New York.

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD

See that every pair is stamped The Burt & Packard. "Korrect Shape."

IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.

If you want **perfection** in fit, with freedom from **corns** and **all discomfort** you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe.** It is acknowledged as the *most comfortable*, the *best wearing* and *most stylish* gentlemen's shoe made in the world.

Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.

The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, *though none approach it in value.*

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, (successors to Burt & Packard) **Brockton, Mass.**

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED **TYPEWRITER $15**

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., Pope Mfg. Co., Makers of **Columbia Cycles,** Boston, New York, Chicago.

PRINCESSE DE SAGAN

Millinery.

Latest Parisian and London styles always on hand. Orders promptly effected. 239 Fifth Avenue, between 27th and 28th Streets.

P.D.&S.PENS

12 sample pens, 10c. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE - NEW YORK,

Have received the following awards at the Exposition Universelle, at Paris, 1889.

FOR SILVERWARE.

THE GRAND PRIZE

and to the Managing Director of their Manufactures of Silver,

The Decoration of the Legion of Honor.

FOR JEWELRY

of Precious Metals, chased, carved, enamelled, inlaid, mounted, and filigreed, set with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, and for Diamond Cutting.

GOLD MEDAL.

For Precious and ornamental stones of North America in their natural state and cut, showing various forms of Cutting.

GOLD MEDAL.

For collection of Pearls, with the species of shells in which they are found in the brooks, rivers, and on the coasts of North America.

GOLD MEDAL.

For Fine Leather goods, Pocket-Books, Note-Books, Card, Cigar, and Cigarette Cases, Portfolios, Blotters, Pads, and various articles for the library table richly mounted with gold and silver: Ivory articles for the toilet and the library table, richly carved and Mounted in Gold and Silver, chased, etched, enamelled, and inlaid.

GOLD MEDAL.

For Copper-plate Engraving and Printing.

GOLD MEDAL.

And Five Silver and Five Bronze Medals for Collaborators.

Arnold Constable & Co

UPHOLSTERY.—Rich Damas. Brocatelle. Lampas and Tapestry Effects.

BAYEUX and AUBUSSON Furniture Coverings.

LACE CURTAINS, Portières and Window Stuffs.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

Ely's Cream Balm

IS SURE TO CURE

Cold in Head

QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

LOOKING DOWN CHAUNCEY STREET FROM THE CORNER OF CHAUNCEY AND BEDFORD STREETS, AT 11.55 A.M.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY E. H. GARRETT.

THE WAREHOUSE OF BROWN, DURRELL, & CO.

LOOKING DOWN CHAUNCEY STREET FROM THE CORNER OF CHAUNCEY AND BEDFORD STREETS, AT 11.55 A.M.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY E. H. GARRETT.

FIREMEN FROM NEIGHBORING TOWNS GOING TO THE RESCUE.

VIEW ON CHAUNCEY STREET.

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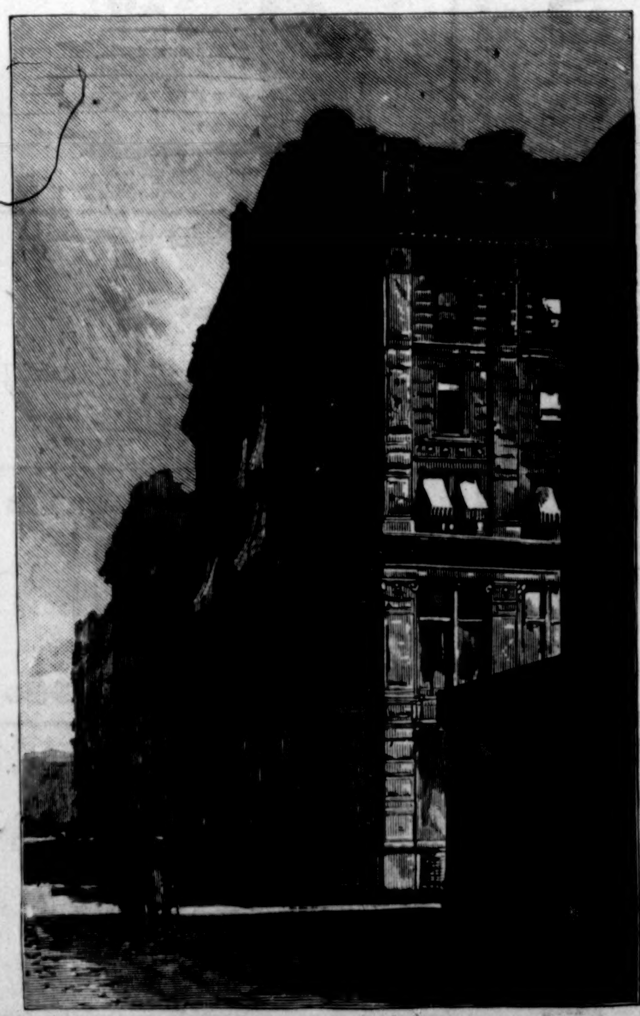

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THE BURNED DISTRICT OF BOSTON, BEFORE AND DURING THE FIRE OF THANKSGIVING DAY.—[SEE PAGE 975.]

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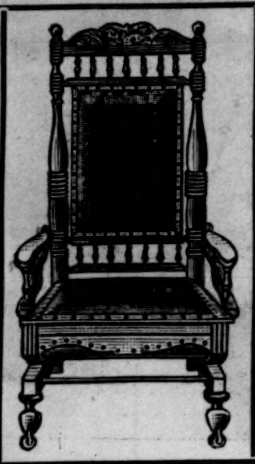

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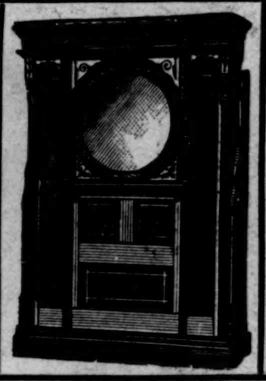
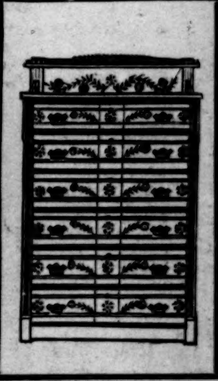


$50 for this Elegant Wardrobe Folding Bed, in Walnut, Oak, or Cherry. Reduced from $75.



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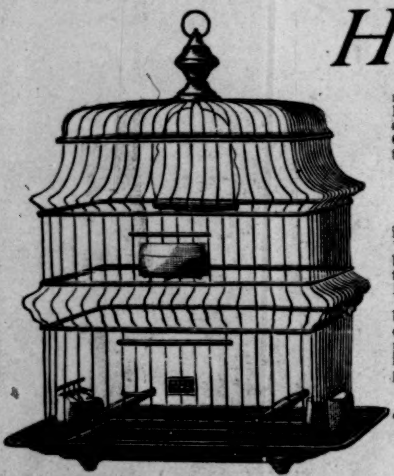

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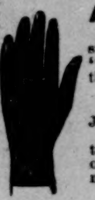

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